







AMERICA AND BRITAIN

**ONLY AN OCEAN BETWEEN**



EDITOR Professor P. Sargant Florence

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# ONLY AN OCEAN BETWEEN

BY LELLA SECOR FLORENCE

FOREWORD BY JOHN G. WINANT

American Ambassador to Great Britain

*WITH 18 ISOTYPE CHARTS IN*

*COLOUR AND 32 PHOTOGRAPHS*



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P R I N T E D       I N       G R E A T       B R I T A I N

## FOREWORD

America and Britain are learning to know one another better as the battle moves forward. Such mutual knowledge will be more than ever essential when the battle ends and the task of reconstruction lies before us. I welcome, therefore, this first book in a series of books planned to tell the plain American about Britain and British achievement, and the plain Briton about America and American achievement. If this century is to be the century of the common man, the common man must be informed of the facts by every means in the power of the expert—by writing, by pictures, by charts. For only so can he form the judgments on which a durable and democratic international reconstruction depends. This book will, I am sure, help to bridge whatever ocean still flows between our two countries' knowledge and understanding of one another.

*John S. W. Mack*

## PREFACE

This is a new sort of book. In pictures, writing and charts it tells you things you want to know about Britain and America.

The pictures were taken by photographers on either side of the ocean on various occasions, freely and as the spirit moved them. We have put them side by side to compare similar scenes in the two countries.

The writing is by Lella Secor Florence, who was born in the Middle West and worked her way farther West as reporter and editor. When, at Seattle, she could get no farther, she started on Europe and has since lived many years in England. Last year she wrote "My Goodness! My Passport" telling of her impressions in Washington and New York during the fateful years of 1940, 1941; and as some of her text will show, she has managed to keep pace with the American language.

The charts are the work of Isotype Institute (Otto and Marie L. Neurath with their collaborators). Symbols are standardized and spell out a new language for the eye. Most of us can see relationships—the hang of things—much more quickly by looking at isotypes than by reading through columns of figures. Some of these isotypes are developments of charts that have already appeared in Otto Neurath's "Modern Man in the Making" (A. Knopf, New York, and Secker and Warburg, London) and in "Compton's Pictured Encyclopaedia" (Chicago), to which Dr Otto Neurath was a contributor.

Pictures, writing and charts look at America and Britain neither from a national nor from a neutral point of view. The view is not from one side of the ocean or even from mid-ocean but from both sides—and inside the sides at that! Author and editor have both played an active part in the life and thought of the two countries. The editor, though a professor in an English University, was born in New Jersey and has often gone back to speak, and to listen, to the American point of view.

The present volume deals only with the land, climate, natural and material resources and the basic transport facilities of America and Britain, and with the people that use—and have made—these resources and facilities. The headings, chapter by chapter, are:

ONLY AN OCEAN BETWEEN—MOUNTAIN, PLAIN AND RIVER—HOT AND COLD, WET AND DRY—NATIVE RESOURCES—ON THE MOVE—THE MELTING-POT—SO NOW WE KNOW.

Further volumes are planned on "Our Two Democracies at Work", and on "Our Private Lives"; and many another side of British and American life, work and thought will be covered—or uncovered—by various authors in this same charts-cum-pictures-cum-writing way.

P. SARGANT FLORENCE

*Editor*

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Yes, but what an ocean ! Three thousand miles of cold grey water whipped into seasickening turbulence by cold relentless winds. It's a mighty fierce barrier to lie between two great countries and two great peoples. That damp expanse of waste space is to be blamed for most of the misconceptions and the quaintly inaccurate ideas prevailing on either side of the Atlantic about the people across the way.

America and Britain have been coyly flirting for many years, indulging in the usual lovers' misunderstandings and reconciliations. But now they are officially engaged in a joint enterprise of immense significance to defend their common ideals. Few there are on either side of the Atlantic who do not agree that this co-operation must continue after the war. Many there are who hope for a close and permanent collaboration extending beyond our two countries to all the nations—a kind of world family agreeing on fundamental issues that affect the whole family, and free in other fields to develop their own individualities. Whether this family of nations will eventuate only time can tell ; but certain it is that you, America, and you, Britain, bear a grave responsibility for the outcome. Before the time comes for you to make momentous decisions there are some things you ought to know about each other. For the shape of the world to come, the happiness and well-being of millions of souls, hangs on the wisdom of your united thought and action. Let's speak out now, and then for ever hold our peace.

We have plenty in common. We speak the same language (or approximately so) ; good British blood flows in American veins ; we are essentially the same peace-loving people ; we are both striving toward democracy (though neither of us has achieved it completely) ; we are both passionately attached to freedom and individual liberty (though most Americans would not apply the word "passionate" to the British).

But we're plenty different too. Some of the differences are just odd misconceptions that have gained currency and persisted. That absence of a sense of humour, for instance. The Americans have long believed that an Englishman has a tardy sense of humour—if any—and only sees the joke a good bit after he himself has stopped laughing. The British have been convinced that American humour is never at any time worth laughing at. These views are completely inaccurate, which is lucky—for we shall both need the ability to laugh that off when we run up against one another's foibles.

But some of the differences are fundamental and profound, and must be understood to be tolerated. They are the natural outgrowth of the shape and age and size of the country, the kind of soil and climate, the indigenous resources—in fact, the whole contour of the environment within which the people of Britain and America have built their respective cultures and developed their respective national characteristics. These are the kind of differences, nourished on customs and traditions through many generations, which are hard to change and will just have to be accepted by both sides. For instance, America is convinced that all her institutions and achievements are the *biggest* and best in the world ; and no one could convince an Englishman that his are not the *oldest* and best. Because England is a small place, he scorns size as a measure of merit. Because the United States is big, size looms large in the American's measure of values. Because England is old, the Englishman lays great store by tradition.



Because America is young, the American rejects tradition and goes in for innovation and experiment. So what? Both sides are guilty of a too long cherished insularity, for which that grim old Atlantic can mostly be blamed. It's not the mere distance, because the 3000 miles which separate London from New York is about equal to the space between New York and San Francisco. Yet the New Yorker and the Californian understand each other far more sympathetically than the Briton and the New Yorker. But the ocean *can* be bridged—and the sooner the better!

In 1620, when the Pilgrim Fathers packed their hopes and their haversacks into the *Mayflower* and set out on their grand adventure, they bade farewell to some six or seven million of their kith and kin, scattered over some 88,000 square miles of the green sea-girt island which is Great Britain. When they cast anchor on the rocky coast of the New World there were, all told (including the Red Indians, the Spaniards, the French and the earlier English settlers in Virginia), a mere handful of human beings. But they had millions of square miles to play about in—millions of miles of primeval forest and steaming swamp, of endless plains and towering mountains, of fertile valleys and arid deserts.

But that was only the raw material from which the United States was fashioned, bit by bit, as the years rolled by. In 1775, when the young colonies embarked upon the War of Independence, they claimed only 845,882 square miles of territory. In the years that followed, by treaty and purchase or by conquest, all the territory in the North American continent south of the Canadian border (some 3,000,000 square miles, including 53,000 square miles of inland water areas), with the single exception of Mexico, became welded into one powerful United States of America, made up of forty-eight states. The youngest, Arizona, was admitted to the Union as recently as 1912. Utah knocked at the gates for quite a while, but she had to give up polygamy and promise to be a good state before she could have a place at the family table. In a little more than 300 years Americans have battered and built their way from coast to coast; they have cut down forests, tamed rivers, pushed their way across desert and mountain, built great cities, founded a new civilization.

It is almost impossible to realize how recently all this has happened—that even within living memory, pioneers were pressing into unexplored regions of the Middle West, scarcely 200 miles from Chicago. I have always been intrigued by my mother's tales of her infancy when she moved with her parents into the wilds of Wisconsin, where they hewed out a homestead from the primeval forest, and built a log cabin in which she spent her early years. There was still in those days some unfriendliness from the Indians, but my grandparents went untroubled because of the ministrations of my grandmother, who had a way with herbs and balms, and nursed many a sick Indian papoose back to health. I still have the richly beaded moccasins which the Indian squaws made for my mother in token of gratitude to my grandmother.

In those three hundred years the population of America, including the hordes of fresh arrivals from Europe, has risen to some 140,000,000, which is 7 per cent. of all the people in the world. But the place is so vast that every 43 persons can have a square mile to themselves.

In Great Britain 525 people have to share one square mile, while if you take out the moors and Highlands of Scotland and consider England and Wales alone, only one square mile can be allotted to 700 people. (We'd better get this terminology straight.

When most English people speak of England they mean England and Wales. But the Welsh mean only England. When they say Great Britain they mean England, Wales and Scotland. For the United Kingdom you add Northern Ireland. The British Isles is Great Britain with the addition of the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, the Orkneys and all those odd bits of land dotted here and there in British waters, and maybe Ireland. I've not found any two Britishers who agree exactly !)

When the Pilgrim Fathers turned their backs on their Mother Country in 1620, she was already hoary with age, as time goes. She already had centuries of history behind her—"1066 and all that," which to an American seems almost the beginning of time, was a fairly recent date in her affairs. (British schoolchildren begin the study of *modern* history with the year 1485.) Already England had an established culture. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were centuries old. Chaucer, Christopher Marlow, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, had lived and died, leaving the imperishable beauty of their work for future generations. All over England great cathedrals stood in massive majesty, strong and mighty against the ravages of time, linking one generation to the next. Americans who have had the good fortune to visit Britain begin to understand the pride of the British in these age-old achievements of their forbears. They begin to appreciate the Briton's reluctance to accept any change—his resistance to any departure from the deep-rooted traditions of his long-established customs.

While the settlers were busy with the foundations of the new American Republic adventure was stirring in the hearts of many another Englishman who had remained behind. They were trimming their sails to the four winds of heaven, colonizing vast territories—laying the foundation of the British Empire which sprawls over a third of the globe. It is so boundless that the British boast the sun never sets on their Empire. Sometimes Americans in England wonder why the sun doesn't leave the Empire alone once in a while and pay a visit to the Mother Country !

America is about thirty times the size of Great Britain, which has an area of just over 88,000 square miles compared with 3,000,000 for the United States. England alone is just a little larger than New York State, and would bounce about no little if set down in Texas, or many another State. There used to be a popular song in America which ran, "She's little, but oh my !" Great Britain may be little, but she mothers more than 45,000,000 valiant sons and daughters within her borders.

The conception of space is quite different in the mind of a Briton and an American. To the Briton the 600 miles from Lands End to John O'Groats is a prodigious distance. It is, in fact, the longest trip you can take in Britain without getting your feet wet. A motor trip from the Midlands to Cornwall (about 200 miles) is a major undertaking, and so is a railway journey to almost any place in Scotland. I don't suppose one out of a hundred has ever even contemplated taking a sleeping-car for a night's journey. In most cases travelling from one point to another in Britain is a matter of only a few hours on the train. After that you tend to run into the sea. I've lived half my life in England and I've got around quite a bit. But I've never seen the inside of a sleeping-car, although they run to Cornwall, Wales, the North and Scotland. To the American, who has to travel five days and four nights by railroad to get across the continent, a few hundred miles are just no impediment to speak of. He will cheerfully motor a hundred miles to hear a lecture, and drive back the same night.

One summer, when we were staying on a farm in Pennsylvania, our friends proposed

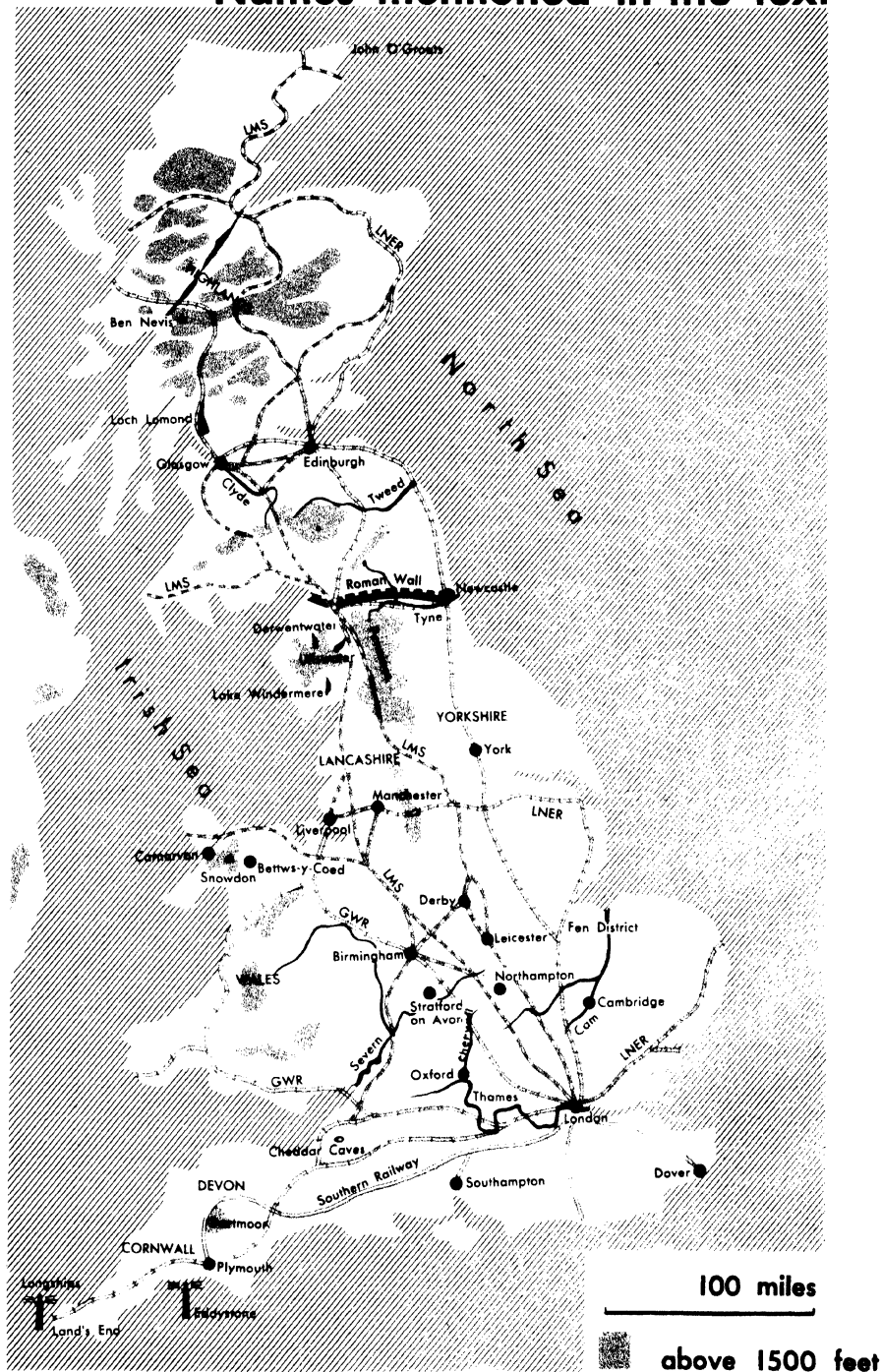
going to the cinema. We suggested it might be pleasant to walk, as our feet had not carried us farther than from door to car during our whole visit. They thought it might be a little too far to walk—and it was. We drove 35 miles to see a film.

## MOUNTAIN, PLAIN AND RIVER

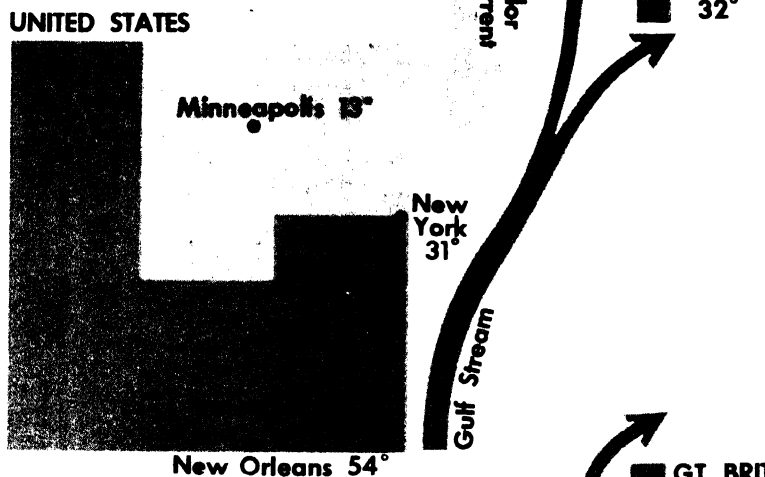
The contrast between the physical features of America and Great Britain is tremendous. In America everything is on a vast scale. The interior of the country is peculiarly well protected from the rest of the world by an ocean and a range of mountains on each side. On the east the Atlantic (which we have already agreed is an unfortunate barrier between America and Britain), on the west the Pacific. On the east, starting pretty far up to the north, the Alleghanies (or Appalachian mountain range) spring out of the sea, and pursue their leisurely way down almost the whole of the coast, ending up as far south as Georgia. Toward the south, the range swerves inland from the ocean, leaving a coastal plain between the mountains and the sea. To the Americans, the Alleghanies are just a small proposition—a pleasant playground for the summer or for winter ski-ing—but not much as mountains go, since at their highest they are not quite 7000 feet. Snowdon (in Wales), which boasts 3570 feet, would sit daintily at their base. But the real mountains are out West. The Rockies stretch from the northern tip of Montana down as far as New Mexico. They lie somewhat inland from the Pacific, and like the eastern range, they swerve still farther away from the coast as they get south, so that if the Rockies and the Alleghanies were continued they would eventually meet somewhere down near the Panama Canal forming a broad V. Now the Rockies are mountains really to be proud of! They are brown and rugged and mighty, and to the early settlers pushing westward in those pioneer days they were a formidable barrier. Mountains and deserts took a heavy toll of those intrepid travellers in covered wagons. But the story of the mountains doesn't end here, for between the Rockies and the western coast there is the Cascade Range, less tremendous than the Rockies, but impressive enough in all conscience when you cross them by train, zigzagging up the perilous slopes until you can see the tracks winding back and forth far below. I have always found it exciting to look out of the window on some of those sharp curves, and see the engine of my own train coming toward me. And farther south there's the huge Sierra Nevada range, with Mount Whitney towering nearly 15,000 feet into the heavens.

The Englishman who is lucky enough to visit America (and I don't mean just New York and Washington) will begin to understand why the American tends to talk big. He lives in a world of colossal things, and his way of thought reflects the immensity of everything that surrounds him. The mountains are high. The rolling plains of Montana and the Dakotas are vast. There is nothing in Britain to compare with Niagara Falls—7000 tons of spray-shrouded, foam-crested water roaring and crashing over a precipice 167 feet deep, every second that passes. Niagara is an Indian word meaning "the thunder of many waters," and the roar of that tremendous surge of water is impressively terrifying. Nor is there anything in England which could be paired off with Grand Canyon, that astonishing mile-deep gap in the red rock and

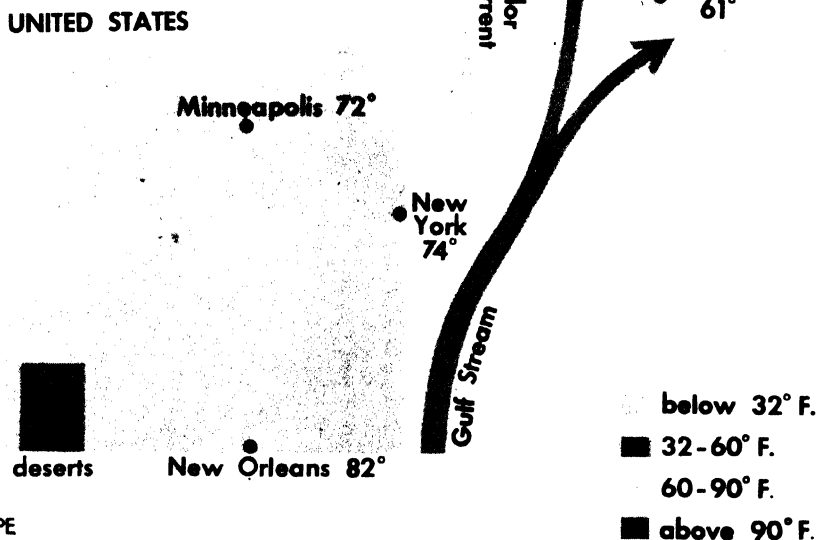
# Names mentioned in the text



## Winter January



## Summer July



The Gulf Stream softens the climate of Great Britain in both winter and summer, so that it is never very hot or very cold. The Labrador current helps to give North-east America a severe winter.

soil of Arizona, with its intriguing shapes and its subtly soft colourings. The Colorado river, which meanders through the canyon, looks like a twisted length of silver ribbon. Another awe-inspiring wonder is Hell's Canyon, a magnificent serrated 189-mile chasm carved out by the Snake River along the Oregon-Idaho border. It's the deepest gash in the face of the earth. These represent only the commercial traveller's sample of the wonders of America, which will, it is hoped, amaze and delight British trippers when the air-line excursions get going after the war.

America is a land of infinite contrasts—a canvas lavishly painted by man and Nature alike. The English scene reflects the English character (or should it be the other way round?) in its restraint and lack of contrasting emphasis. The English Thames, flowing so gently between its grassy banks, well regulated with its locks and weirs, would certainly regard the Mississippi as a boisterous and unruly torrent not fit for her daughters to associate with. Even the Severn, which is England's largest river (and not navigable except in small stretches), pursues its well-mannered way for most of the year, except once during spring and autumn, when it kicks over the traces and stages a slightly rebellious diversion in the famous Severn Bore. This is caused by the peculiarities of the tides, which send such a flow of water into the funnel-shaped mouth of the Severn that a small tidal wave results. Even this diversion is so well ordered that its occurrence is advertised in advance, and every year large crowds gather to watch the phenomenon.

Now the Mississippi has no such gentle manners. To start with, it is (like everything else in America) immense. It springs in Northern Minnesota, almost at the Canadian border, and flows with many a kink and twist nearly due south to empty itself in the Gulf of Mexico below New Orleans. It doesn't quite cut the United States in two, for it runs its course slightly to the east of the centre of the country. About midway down its course, somewhere near St Louis, it is joined by the Missouri River, which flows from the west across the northern half of Montana and North Dakota before striking South; and still a little farther down, along comes the Ohio River from the north-east. The Mississippi lies deep in the heart of American history. It has borne on its broad bosom almost every type of water craft devised by men's ingenuity, from the birch-bark canoe of the Red Indians and the old side-wheeler paddle boat, to modern freighters and pleasure steamers. Mark Twain was a pilot on the Mississippi. It was the scene of Huckleberry Finn's exploits and of Edna Ferber's *Show Boat*; and when Paul Robeson sings:

“Ol’ man river, dat ol’ man river,  
He must know sumpin’, but don’t say nothin’;  
He just keeps rollin’,  
He keeps on rollin’ along;”

he is voicing that sense of awesome mystery which lies in the heart of every Negro who has watched the mighty power of the Mississippi. And the refrain of that other song, popularized in England some years ago—“River, stay ’way from my door”—expresses the age-old prayer of the Negroes, and whites as well, who live within striking distance of its temperamental waters. Many a family has been wiped out, many a town destroyed, when the Mississippi has gone on the rampage.

Down South the river is encouraged to stay within its confines by the famous levees, broad grassy banks (a big edition of the English towpath) raised above the river's edge



Niagara, veiled in spray, is a magnificent, awe-inspiring sight. The Falls are much larger than appears from the picture.

to separate the river from the adjoining low lands. A break in the levee sometimes defeats the most heroic efforts to make repairs before the riotous river pours through. England has the same flood problem on a smaller scale, and in the Fen district the same simple device of throwing up banks on either side of the river higher than the surrounding flat land has been employed.

This is the important river system of America. There are other rivers, many of them—the Columbia in the north, on the west side of the Rockies, which supplies the water for the great Coulee Dam now in process of construction (and already partly in operation); the placid Hudson so broad in parts that Explorer Hudson, thought it was still the ocean and he well on his way to China; the Rio Grande, the Yellowstone, the Potomac, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Shenandoah, the Platte—all associated with American history or immortalized in verse and song. And, of course, a thousand little streams flow through almost every part of America except the desert, just as almost every English county is enlivened by rivulets except where there are “downs” with a chalk soil which drains the water away as fast as it accumulates.

The sight of the chalk cliffs of Dover has gladdened the heart of many a home-sick Englishman returning to his native land from foreign parts. And now Alice Duer Miller’s dramatic poem “The White Cliffs” has made them thoroughly familiar to almost every American, even the stay-at-homes. It will disappoint many American voyagers when they approach English shores to find that they are landing at Plymouth,



Not so awe-inspiring but lovely in its own way is Fingle Bridge Falls, not far from Dartmoor, in Devonshire.

Southampton, or Liverpool, which do not offer so romantic a view of England. From ship to train at Plymouth they will find no lurking memory of the historic embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers, but if they have time to explore the harbour they will discover a small stone monument which marks the spot from which the Pilgrims sailed. The famous Eddystone Lighthouse protects the approaches to Plymouth harbour.

England's rivers too have been sung and praised by many a poet: the Avon, which flows beneath the balconies of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, the punting reaches of the Cam at Cambridge and the Char at Oxford beloved of generations of undergraduates, and countless others. Little rivers trace their winding paths all over the map of Britain, emptying themselves into the sea on every coast. There is no great central river system such as distinguishes America. Instead England has a backbone in the shape of a range of hills—the Pennines—which form a clear-cut watershed. The rivers to the west drain into the Irish Sea, and to the east into the North Sea. The renowned Peak District is part of the Pennine Range, and so are some of the famous moors.

America can claim the largest fresh-water lake in the world—Lake Superior, one of the five Great Lakes which sprawl in an untidy pattern along the northern boundary of the United States. They are shared by Canada, and drain into the Atlantic sea through the St Lawrence River. The lakes would be of tremendous importance to international trade if the river traffic was not interrupted here and there by rapids and waterfalls, which are picturesque but troublesome. The long-mooted scheme of the





Americans like to fish in crowds. These men—some women too—are Red Indians fishing for salmon at Celilo Falls, Oregon, in the north-west corner of the States.

American and Canadian Governments for improvement of the St Lawrence and utilization of its almost endless water-power will probably not be realized until after the war. But even without the St Lawrence, the Great Lakes play an important rôle in the industrial economy of the United States, for Nature has providently stored iron ore at the Lake Superior end, and coal near the Lake Erie shores ; the ore can easily be brought to the coal on a waterway deep and wide enough to take ocean-going vessels. The development of the great steel industry of Pittsburgh is due to this fortuitous juxtaposition of coal, ore and water.

America is dotted everywhere with smaller lakes which are the delight of 'vacationists'. It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than the translucent lakes of Idaho set like a shining constellation among the Rockies, in country untouched and unspoiled. Lake Washington, on which Seattle is built, is eighty miles in length. Since it *must* be superlative in some respect let it be said that it is the largest fresh-water lake in the world which is hardly more than an arrow's shot from the sea. And the Great Salt Lake of Utah is, of course, the saltiest in the world ; so saline that, immersed in its water, you experience a buoyancy which appears contrary to all the laws of Nature. You can have tea served on floating trays while you idle about suspended in the water if you like. But the Englishman, I suspect, would have too much respect for his tea. Britain's lakes are small and unimportant commercially, but they are lovely. The



This angler, like many in Britain, seeks solitude. He may stand for hours waist-deep in icy Crathie Water, waiting to hook flavoursome Scotch salmon.

Lake District in northern England with its moorland hills offers a placid playground for tourists. The names of the lakes have a romantic lure—Windermere, Ullswater, Derwentwater. But the district has a bad reputation for weather, and many a disappointed holiday-maker has returned home to report “It rained every day.” Britain’s largest lake is in Scotland—Loch Lomond (24 miles long), commemorated in song and story.

The country in America is vast and robust and far-flung. It has grandeur (and sometimes monotony), but it lacks the charm of the English scene. When I first saw England I was enthralled by the small green neatness of everything. The fields under cultivation looked so beautifully tailored, and I felt that if I could turn them upside down I should find all the seams perfectly finished.

But not all of Britain is meek and mild. The Highlands of Scotland, rising in Ben Nevis to 4000 feet, have rugged dignity, and you can walk and climb for many a mile in the hills of Wales without catching sight of human habitation. Dartmoor, in Devonshire, with its slopes of heather is gentle and inviting in summer, but bleak and formidable in winter, as many a convict escaping from the notorious prison has found to his sorrow. But for sheer solitude the moors and dales of Yorkshire are hard to beat. It was on these bleak and eerie moors that the drama of Emily Bronte’s *Wuthering Heights* took place.



You can make pretty good time in a fast car along this American highway in New Mexico. Heat and dust and monotony may lull you to sleep at the wheel if you're not careful. Sage-brush grows along the sandy wastes on either side.

The American has an aggressive love for his country, and a pride in his home town. But I doubt whether any American has ever felt the abiding, brooding tenderness for the countryside which lies deep in the nature of so many Englishmen. It would be an exaggeration to say every Englishman, for the wholesale evacuation of townbred folk to the country since the war began has revealed much anxious yearning for the familiar rows of little brick houses and the asphalt paving of narrow city streets. When I took my charwoman to the country for a day she said incredulously, "Do you really *like* it here? It's so *lonely* !" But 'upper class' Englishmen (and those bred in the country) love their green and emerald isle more for her countryside than for her towns. Shakespeare expressed sentiments common to all his compatriots :

"This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,  
this England."

The Americans have their broad highways streaking from coast to coast, often visible straight ahead as far as the eye can reach. That is the road for high-powered cars, and that is what the American likes.

But the Englishman loves his twisting country lanes with their promise of pleasant surprises just round the corner :



Up and down over the Cotswolds, winding this way and that with a fresh surprise round every bend, this English road, following the old Roman 'Fosse Way' is just right for pleasant, leisured driving. Fields here are divided by low stone walls.

"The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road,  
A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire."

In England, when you have got clear of cities, you can get out of your motor-car (or in these days off your bicycle) at almost any spot chosen at random, and there you will find a grassy bank, a clump of trees, a gentle stream, which invite your leisured attention. This is not true of America, partly because the summer grass is brown, and partly because the countryside seems dusty and unkempt, as though no loving hand had ever tended it. You may have to look a long time before you find an appealing spot in which to eat your picnic lunch.

Rupert Brooke, writing from the Pink and Lily, an English hilltop pub, felt how willingly he would die for all he saw from his window. Thinking of the war, he wrote those oft-quoted lines :

"If I should die, think only this of me :  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England."

Keats loved the beauty of England too :

"Happy is England ! I could be content  
To see no other verdure than its own ;  
To feel no other breezes than are blown  
Through its tall woods with high romances blent."

But no one has more eloquently revealed the heart of the Englishman than H. G. Wells:

"There is no countryside like the English countryside for those who have learned to love it; its firm yet gentle lines of hill and dale, its ordered confusion of features, its deer parks and downland, its castles and stately houses, its hamlets and old churches, its farms and ricks and great barns and ancient trees, its pools and ponds and shining threads of rivers, its flower-starred hedgerows, its orchards and woodland patches, its village greens and kindly inns. Other countrysides have their pleasant aspects, but none such variety, none that shine so steadfastly throughout the year. . . None change scene and character in three miles of walking, nor have so mellow a sunlight nor so diversified a cloudland nor confess the perpetual refreshment of the strong soft winds that blow from off the sea, as our mother England does."

It is that view of England too which enthalls every American who lands on her shores. The English village has no replica in America. Indeed, there are almost no villages at all except in New England. The rest of the country is made up of great cities and little towns, isolated farmsteads and just wide open spaces.

Perhaps it is precisely because all the countryside in England is so attractive and footpaths make it accessible to all that no system of national parks, like Glacier or Yellowstone in America, has ever been organized. In the past few years the rapid spread of cities into the countryside and the distressing 'ribbon development' along the main highways has encouraged an agitation for the preservation of England's beauty spots before they are destroyed. The initiative in conserving not only scenic open spaces but places of historic or architectural interest has been taken, not by the Government, but by the National Trust, a body of individuals financed by private subscription. The Trust now administers on behalf of the public some 100,000 acres of land.

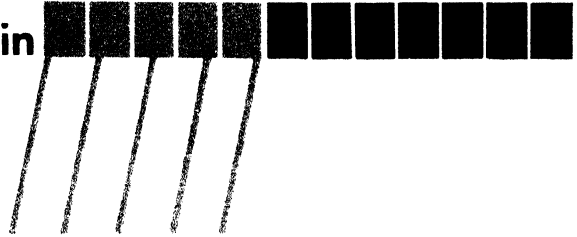
But while the British are particularly gifted in developing the enjoyments of the country, the Americans have a flair for city living which the English have never quite captured. This is true despite England's longer experience in city building, and her greater degree of urbanization. Some 40 per cent. of Britons are congregated in towns of 100,000 or more, as compared with about 30 per cent. of Americans. There is a deadly, dreary quality about large English cities which cannot be escaped. I have heard more than one 'intellectual' declare that there are but two places of importance—London, and either Oxford or Cambridge, according to which University he was 'up' at. The rest are just provincial conurbations, not to be regarded seriously. This view is rightly resented by those who live in provincial cities. But the most ardent defender of Manchester or Birmingham has to admit that they are ugly cities which grew up without plan or co-ordination during the period of industrial development. Quite frankly, one industrial city is very like another, and there is little to be said for any of them, though a very great deal to be said for the people who live in them. The Scotsman, of course, may have a different cosmology. Edinburgh or Glasgow is more likely to be the centre of his world, and London just a foreign town. The Scots may well take pride in Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, with its castle on the hill, its lovely Holyrood and rich historical associations. It has a dignity and beauty which is distinctly its own, and Princes Street vies with the Oxford High as the finest thoroughfare in Britain. But Glasgow, at the risk of offending my Scottish friends, will have to join the dismal provinces.

# Our Weather

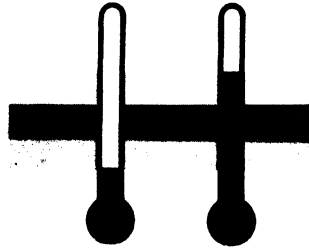
London



Rain



Temperature



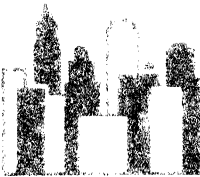
86° F. maximum

60°

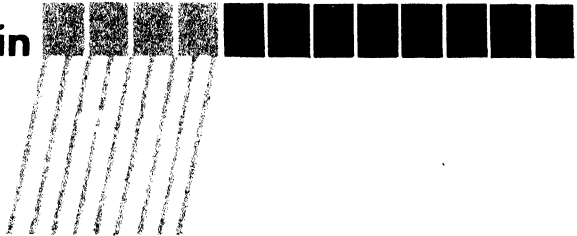
32°

12° F. minimum

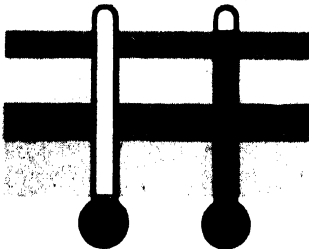
New York



Rain



Temperature



102° F. maximum

90°

60°

32°

- 14° F. minimum

Each division 30 days

grey: with rain blue: without rain

Each strip 5" of rain annually

ISOTY

More rain falls in New York than London, and falls faster too. London's blue blobs are days without rain—not necessarily sunny. The coloured lines and thermometers show extremes of temperature.

# Regions within 20 Miles of a Railway

1860



1930



• Cities of 100,000 inhabitants and more

ISOTYPE 

In 1860 this grandmotherly engine puffed about importantly in the Eastern third of the States. To-day her streamlined progeny dash about over the whole country.

In America great cities have sprung up from coast to coast, each with a character of its own, and many of them with beautiful features. Chicago, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Seattle, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, San Francisco—each is a metropolis in its own right, independent of New York, developing its own particular culture. I am not suggesting that all of these cities are wholly beautiful. They all have their black spots, their congested areas—few have been planned with a long-range view. But they are metropolitan cities. The size of America and the distance between New York and other parts of the country probably account for this individualism. A resident of Chicago or San Francisco would scorn the idea that New York had anything on them. But London is the only great metropolis of England, and the nation's capital to boot. Oxford and Cambridge and some of the cathedral towns have their own inimitable beauty; they are in a class by themselves for which it would be difficult to find a counterpart in America. But they cannot be classed as large cities.

## HOT AND COLD, WET AND DRY

Britain's climate is a poor thing, but her own, and she is touchy about it. She's like a family which reserves the right to tear each other limb from limb, but let an outsider presume to criticize one member, and the whole family bristles with indignation. The British talk about the weather continuously and grumble no little. Some comment on the state of the day almost invariably follows a greeting: "Good morning. It's better to-day," or, "It's wet this afternoon." I remember once in making a tour of small shops where I was doing the family marketing, I got so bored talking about the weather that I resolved to say "Yes, isn't it?" no matter what form the comment took. The results were so amusing that I found myself going into more shops than necessary in order to play my game. Not a single shopkeeper disappointed me!

Every well-ordered British household has a barometer—an instrument which I had never seen until I came to England. Tapping the barometer to get some clue to the day's weather is a morning ritual which is just about as regular as winding the clock. Each member of the family pauses to add his tap and take his squint at the barometer on his way down to breakfast.

But Americans in England would be well advised to soft-pedal complaints about the weather even though it does give them a big headache. The British are used to it, and on the whole they prefer their temperature, which is neither very hot nor very cold, to the extremes of sunshine and frost which prevail over most of the American continent. Any Englishman who has worked through a summer in Washington could say plenty about the American climate. One such wrote home: "After six weeks in this . . . steaming Turkish bath, no one will ever make me believe that the English climate isn't the finest in the world." Washington is hot and moist, and has just about as unpleasant a climate as can be found in the whole country. It is not typical of America, nor, indeed, can any section be said to represent the whole, since almost any weather conditions prevailing in any part of the world can be found somewhere within the American borders.

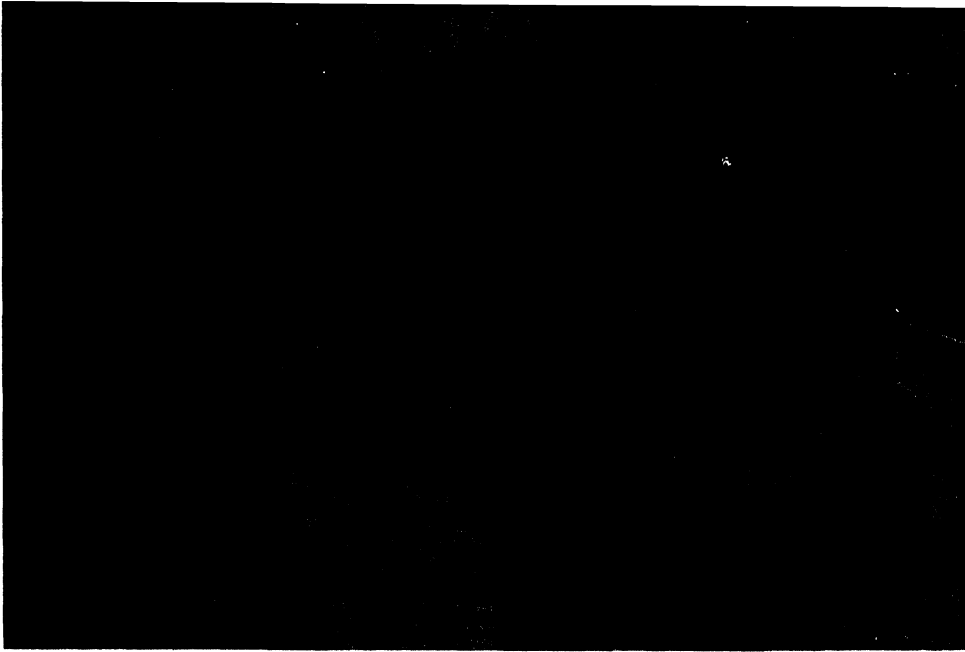
Americans, who are used to extremes of weather and a generous supply of sunshine, really do feel considerable discomfort in the dull damp days which so often follow





Driving sleet and a roaring gale harass New Yorkers, and almost defeat the policeman helping a woman across Broadway and 57th street. Many an umbrella turned inside out will be found in the roadway next day.

each other in grey succession in England. But the time they find most trying is the English winter, during which they seldom ever feel warm, though the actual temperature may be considerably higher than they're used to. Americans cannot understand why the English like their houses so cold in winter and their drinks so warm in summer ! They don't realize that the extremes of temperature (if any) are likely to be of such short duration that the average Englishman doesn't think it worth while making any special preparations to cope with them. The British rely on wool—and plenty of layers—the year round to ward off the cold, and they rightly have so little confidence in their fickle climate that they cling to their woollies even on a hot day. After quite a spell of hot weather they begin to realize why they feel so uncomfortable, and shed a few garments. But on the most brilliant day in England you will see women wearing coats or furs. I've never known an Englishman to abandon his coat. Sometimes, walking through a slum district on a sultry day, I have longed to snatch off the heavy woollen jerseys (pullovers to the English) which most of the children continue to wear. But I imagine the youngsters would feel uncomfortably naked without them. Despite these differences in viewpoint between the British and Americans as to what constitutes an agreeable climate, the attitude of neither is wholly antipathetic. Many Englishmen grow lyrical about the sunshine and sparkling dry quality of the atmosphere in so many parts of America, and there's not an American who won't agree that on a fine sunny day England's the most lovely place imaginable.



Londoners hurry home across Blackfriars Bridge on foot, by bus and tram before nightfall and a pea-soup fog blot out the city.

Perhaps the chief points of difference lie in the fact that while the British climate shows but slight variations from one part of the country to another or from one month to another, almost every degree of heat or cold, wetness and dryness, can be found somewhere in America at any one time, and from month to month in any one place. In London, for instance, the average temperature in January is 41 and in July 61, while in the same months the average for New York is 31 and 74.

In England it is milder in Cornwall and Devonshire (on the west coast), but no knowledgeable American would risk a summer holiday even there in a house not provided with fires. There is greater likelihood of snow in the north than in the south, but both skating and ski-ing are sufficiently rare to become headline news when they are available. In America, while blizzards may be raging in North Dakota, holidaymakers will be basking in the sunshine on Florida beaches ; while the rain pours in a deluge at Wynoochee Oxbrow, Washington (which has an annual fall of 150.75 inches), it will be as dry as parchment at Bagdad, California, which had just under four inches of rain in five years. The average yearly temperature of Miami, Florida, is 74, and of Minneapolis, Minnesota, 44.

The climate of California is in a class by itself, for it has less variation than other parts of the country. It has a Mediterranean climate. The average temperature of San Francisco between January and July rises and falls by only 9 degrees. In Sun Valley, Idaho, you get a Swiss climate. The deserts in the south-west are like those of



Winter blankets New England in snow. The house is built of wood, painted white with green shutters. If you want to write to the family living in this warm centrally heated house, send your letter to Norwich, Connecticut.

Egypt with the addition of giant cacti. But all America is not like California. The astonishing truth is that there is a heavier rainfall in New York than in London, and, paradoxically, much more sunshine. Explanation—when it rains in America it's a deluge ; in England, with characteristic restraint, the rain falls gently, spoiling many a day instead of only a few hours. Or the clouds just hang around for days on end threatening rain before a drop appears.

Some American troops stationed in Northern Ireland say they have an infallible method of predicting the weather. There is a hill some distance from their camp. If they can see that hill they know it is going to rain. If they can't see it, it *is* raining. But the remarkable thing about the British climate is not that it's so bad, but that it can be so good, considering the particular spot in which the island is anchored. Americans tend to think of Britain merely as east of America. In actual fact, the whole of the United States lies south of the southernmost tip of Britain. If Britain were pushed across the Atlantic in the same latitude, she would find herself in Labrador. It is therefore somewhat surprising that England's climate is so much softer than Canada's.

The influence of the Gulf Stream appears to account for the mild quality of the climate ; but it has a less happy effect in producing those famous fogs. A pea-soup



Winter comes to the Devonshire village of Lustleigh too, but the grass is green and there's no snow. Charming thatched cottages are cream-coloured—in other parts of England they might be pink or buff or yellow.

fog has to be experienced to be believed—Britain can certainly boast of the heaviest and thickest fogs ! But this is not entirely the fault of her climate, for the thick, acrid quality of the fog which occasionally hangs over her cities is caused by the suspension of soot in the damp atmosphere, and the soot results from the British habit of burning soft coal in millions of open fires in millions of British homes.

North America is nearly all within the middle and northern latitudes. It has a large central area in which the continental type of climate with marked seasonal temperatures is to be found. The prevailing westerly wind carries the continental climate eastward over the United States so that the region of maritime climate along the Atlantic coast is very narrow. Winters are nearly 50° F. warmer in Southern Texas than in North Dakota, but you can never be sure, because the great thrusts of polar air that spill suddenly out of the Arctic may sweep all the way down into the Southern Gulf States.

The outstanding thing about the American climate is the dry, sparkling, invigorating quality of the air (which accounts in some measure for the tireless energy of the Americans), and the sudden swing from winter days of snow and ice to summer days so hot that the pavements (sidewalks to an American), often made of tar composite, grow soft under one's feet. In the old days, before horses had been so largely dis-



This might be Egypt, but it's really Coachella Valley, California. Dates grow on these tropical palm trees.

placed by motors, they often died in harness because of the heat, and it was not unusual in an hour's walk on a scorching day in New York to see two or three lying in the road where they had fallen.

The sun seems to have rather a fondness for America. In January the average amount of sunshine varies from two or three hours a day on the Pacific north-west coast and the region of the Great Lakes, to more than seven hours in the south-west. In mid-summer the average varies from 7 or 8 hours a day along the Northern Pacific coast to more than 13 hours in most of California.

Britain, so as not to end the summer day too abruptly, has a long, lovely, lingering twilight of which the American day, merging so quickly into night, is bereft. With daylight saving adding an hour (and for some months two hours) to the day, it is light enough at 11 or 12 o'clock on a summer night to distinguish the shape and colour of flowers in the garden. This is Britain's compensation for being so far north. Winter nights, of course, are correspondingly long.

Spring in England, with its tentative sunshine and its long-drawn-out promise of flower and fruit, is far more lovely than the same season in America. Indeed, there is hardly any spring in America—it is icy winter to-day, and suddenly summer to-morrow. But the American autumn with its extravagant colouring and its lingering 'Indian summer' cannot be surpassed.



These old gnarled beeches guard the grassy 'rides' in Balcombe Forest, Sussex.

## NATIVE RESOURCES

Nature, which endowed America so lavishly with sunshine, with vale and mountain, lake and river, did not for a moment withhold her bounty when she stocked this pleasant land with other natural resources. With a few important exceptions, there can be found in the earth or grown in the soil every necessity for a rich and abundant life. Oddly enough, two of the products most essential to Americans are not found within her borders. Americans *must* ride in motor-cars which *must* have rubber tyres, and there is no natural rubber in America (although American ingenuity is fast developing synthetic rubber to meet her needs). And Americans must have coffee to drink—coffee for breakfast, coffee with every meal, coffee half a dozen times a day whenever a drug-store offers hospitality, and that's on almost every corner. America drinks half of the world's coffee and doesn't grow a bean—consumes more than half of all the rubber.

In addition to coffee and rubber America supplements her own stocks of sugar and hides. She brings in also silk, bananas (Britishers who are old enough will remember these meaty sweet yellow fruits), cocoa, wool, and tea. Americans are not connoisseurs of tea, which they class indiscriminately as either black or green, and make atrociously. They could do without tea if you left them coffee and coca-cola.

Many of the known mineral resources of the United States surpass those of any other comparable area on earth. The south-western States alone produce more petroleum than all the rest of the world added together. The United States ranks first in the production of four of the eighteen major metals—iron, copper, zinc and lead—and also of coal.

When the Pilgrim Fathers looked round the New World, they didn't know (as has since been so cleverly estimated) that more than half of the country was then covered with forests. Those who pressed West to colonize the wooded sections found to their sorrow that there wasn't even standing room until they used their axes. But they didn't care, and for generations no one cared what became of this valuable asset, if only it could be cleared out of the way. In the first three hundred years Americans have cut down, or seen destroyed by forest fires, half the original forests. In 1930 the United States cut 34 billion board feet of timber, and in the same year saw 100,000,000 dollars' worth go up in smoke. Now they have begun to worry a little, and young trees are being planted; but the normal average felling rate up to the present has been four times the rate of growth. A far-flung system of fire-watchers to spot and deal with forest fires is now in operation.

Great Britain is not so well provided with natural resources. For her size she produces an immense amount of coal, and ranks second only to the United States, with an output (1939) of 240,000,000 tons. American miners hew about double that amount. It follows that tar, ammonia, and other by-products of coal are available within Britain. But in spite of a systematic search, practically no crude petroleum has been found in England, and she is entirely dependent on imports for this important commodity. Britain has small quantities of non-ferrous metals within her borders, but vastly larger amounts have to be imported to supply her great industries.

Iron manufacture was carried on throughout the Roman occupation, which lasted from A.D. 43 for nearly 400 years. But in the course of the next thousand years the forests of Britain were almost destroyed to provide fuel, and Britain found herself in the unhappy predicament of seeing her raw material for building ships, which could in turn bring in raw materials, rapidly consumed. Britain has to-day all told less than 3 million acres of woodland, much of it in Scotland. The United States has 460 million.

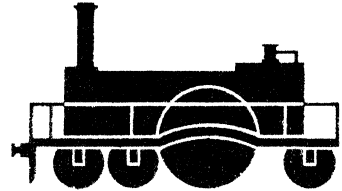
The British had to adapt their furnaces to coke and coal, and this had the effect of shifting the concentration of iron production to those districts where coal was most readily obtainable. Here Britain struck lucky. For she is almost the only country in the world where iron ore and coal are found together on the seaboard. South Wales, the north-east coast of England and the Glasgow and Clyde area of Scotland all became, in the nineteenth century, great centres of iron and steel-making, using ships for export built of iron in the local shipyards. In 1914 the British Empire owned a tonnage of ships nearly as great as all the rest of the world. In 1939 the Empire's tonnage was the same and the rest of the world's had almost doubled. Yet Britain still has a greater tonnage of ships than any single country.

And no wonder. Ships are the very life-line on which Britain depends. For not only must British industries rely upon ships for their raw materials, but so must the British stomach. Without imports, the breakfast table would be as empty as a broken egg-shell. (At least, this was true until 1940.) It is lucky that men discovered how

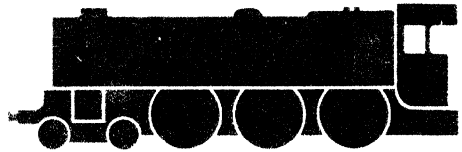
# Regions within 20 Miles of a Railway



**1860**



**1930**



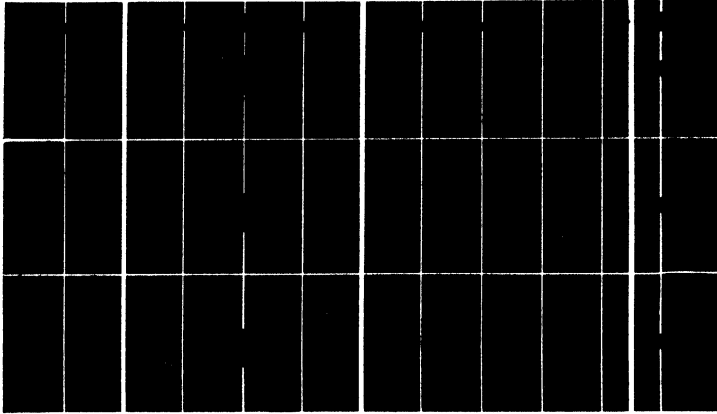
• Towns of 100,000 inhabitants and more

In Britain by 1860 hardly a spot on the map was farther than 20 miles from a railway.



# Area and Population

**United States**



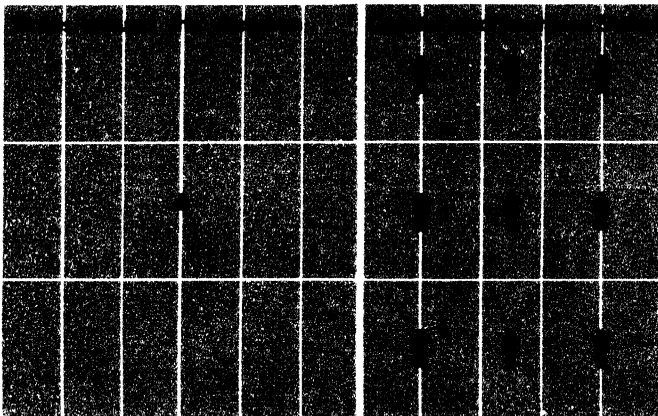
**Great Britain**



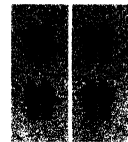
**Italy**



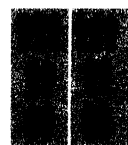
**Brazil**



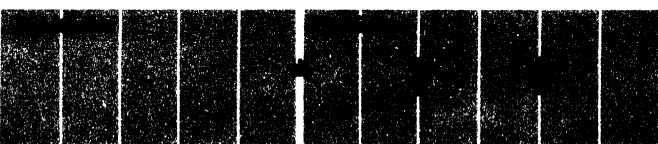
**France**



**Germany**



**Argentina**



**Japan**



**Each rectangle represents 100,000 square miles**  
**Each complete figure represents 5 million population**

ISOTYPE 

Britain is more densely populated than any main section of the United States. She crowds in her people as thickly as does any country in the old world. In new countries the wide uninhabited spaces are evident.

to float ships of metal, for in view of Britain's vanishing wood supply, she would otherwise have to import timber to build ships to import timber. . . . Great Britain does bring in timber for some purposes, and with the need for importing foodstuffs as well, and materials such as cotton, wool, and petroleum, her debts to overseas countries must obviously be great. How does she pay for all these imports? Partly by the export of the finished goods she manufactures, but partly also by the 'invisible' export of shipping services she renders, and by her large investments abroad. Many of these investments have had to be sold during the war, and many a British ship has been sunk. The problem of paying for needed food and material after the war will have to be thought out anew.

One of the greatest contrasts between Britain and America lies in the kind and quantity of agricultural produce each is able to grow. America, with her great varieties of soil and climate, grows almost everything that can spring from the earth (except rubber, tea and coffee). America raises more maize (corn) and more cotton than all the rest of the world put together. She produces nearly half of the world's tobacco crop, a quarter of the world's oats, and enough wheat to help feed a large part of the hungry world after the war. America has such an enormous national sweet tooth—eats candy and ice cream all the year round, likes sweet things, such as pineapple, to serve with meat—that she has to import millions of tons of sugar. Although she produces 12 per cent. of the world's sugar she consumes 20 per cent.

In one part or another of America you can gather oranges and lemons, grapes and water-melons, peaches and figs, sweet potatoes and peanuts. The British used to call peanuts monkey-nuts until they discovered that it's pleasanter to eat them oneself than to feed them to monkeys in the zoo. By the way, peanuts don't grow on trees like walnuts, but are dug up rather like potatoes. Other exotic fruits such as persimmons and avocado pears and pomegranates are common in America.

Immense herds of cattle and sheep still graze in the prairie and mountain states, the Wild West of the cowboy and the cattle rustler. A great many of these animals find their way to Chicago, which is the greatest live-stock market in the world. In one year alone well over 2,000,000 head of cattle, 4,000,000 hogs, and two and a half million sheep made the fatal trip to Chicago's stock yards, and came out neatly packed in tins, or dressed ready for consumption. And since the war the production of live-stock has leaped far ahead of pre-war years.

Between the two wars, many American farmers, what with soil erosion and drought and depression, were well on the way to ruin. The New Deal stepped in with help—the war demand for food and more food has boosted farmers' prospects from candle-power to incandescent.

The history of American farming is one of romantic enterprise. Originally all those great tracts of land out West were owned by the Government. A scheme was drawn up in 1862 known as the Homestead Act, by which Congress gave 160 acres to any citizen who would agree to improve the land and live on it for a specified period. During the next forty or fifty years there was good land free to all who applied. Sometimes the adult members of a family would take up several claims adjoining, and later increase their holdings by purchasing from neighbours who had proved their claims under the Act and wanted to move elsewhere. So in time the modest holdings developed into great ranches. There were still miles of grazing land over which herds of



'Get along little dogies' ! These cowpunchers, riding the range out in Montana on their cayuse ponies, have never been near Hollywood. They're the real thing.

cattle could roam at will. But before many decades the open range disappeared behind barbed-wire fences. The palmy days of the cattlemen were coming to an end.

The most spectacular land settlement occurred in 1889. The settlers on their new farms had been sending to the folks back home glowing accounts of life in the new West. The "get-rich-quick" craze of the early '60's gave place to the more sober-minded enthusiasm for a farm of your own, even though it meant hard work. So when the Government decided to open up Oklahoma (then an Indian Territory), a fever swept the country. The new transcontinental railway made travel easy, and thousands of families poured out of the trains to camp on the Oklahoma border for weeks before the appointed day. Troops had to be called out to control the throngs.

At high noon on the 22nd of April the long-expected bugle call broke the hush of the waiting settlers. The hordes rushed pell-mell across the line to stake out a claim. By nightfall, a tented city of ten thousand people gleamed white in the gathering darkness. Far over the countryside glowed the red camp fires of homesteads in the making. Thus did Guthrie, Oklahoma, pulsate into existence. In a few days wooden shacks began to rise, ploughs began to break the virgin soil ; in a few months corn began to shoot its pale green spikes ; in the autumn the pumpkin glowed yellow on the vine.

At the beginning of the war Britain was importing roughly three-quarters of her meat, grain, fat and sugar requirements, taken together. Once more the importance of her



The farm worker on foot—sheepdog beside him—drives his flock along a country lane in Wiltshire. They're bound for a county fair.

shipping becomes evident, and the immensity of the task which confronted her in keeping supply lines open.

It is interesting to look back again over British history. Down to about 1880 agriculture maintained its lead as an old and important British occupation. Victorian tables rejoiced in home-produced barons of beef (for which silver skewers more than a foot long were used) and in the fat legs of mutton beloved of that generation of large families and good living. And most of the bread was made from home-grown wheat. But in the middle of the nineteenth century a change began. Golden fields of undulating grain gave place to green grass. It was too easy to bring in shiploads of grain both for human and for cattle consumption, from the great open spaces of America or the Empire; too easy to bring in meat in cold storage. And so with pork and dairy produce, eggs and fruit. British farming fell upon evil days, and the 1,650,000 farm workers of 1871 dropped to 900,000 by 1938. Milk could not be imported (they hadn't yet hit upon dried milk), so many farmers concentrated upon dairy herds.

But sheep-farming has always held pride of place. Britain raises more sheep per head of population than the United States. The highwater mark was reached in 1866 with a total of nearly 35 million, which fell at one period to less than 18 million. Just before the war Britain was producing 26 million. But the typical British farm remains more 'mixed' in its crops than the American—there is less specialization. More labour



Heavy American trucks haul sugar beets to the plant in Lewiston, Utah, where they'll be converted into sugar to satisfy part of America's huge demand for candy.

and more intensive cultivation produce a higher yield per acre. Britain gets an average wheat yield of about thirty bushels an acre compared with approximately twenty for America. Though mathematically the average size of American farms is larger than the British, the picture is distorted by the inclusion of the vast ranches of the West. The average acreage ranges, according to the State, from 60 to 1600, but the usual run of farms is not so very much larger in America than in Britain.

Partly because of their different history, British and American farming communities have, however, a very different set-up. In contrast to the American who works with his family as a 'dirt' farmer, tilling the soil himself and only occasionally keeping a hired man, the typical British farmer regards himself more as an organizer and business man—if not a gentleman. His main job as he sees it is to supervise his labourers and go weekly to the market town to buy and sell.

Between the two wars, a scheme to subsidize sugar-beet growing was developed, but Britain still depended on imports for about three-quarters of her sugar. The transition from peace to total war has witnessed a sensational change in British agriculture. The harvest of 1941 was gathered from 2,000,000 more acres of cultivated land than in 1940. The Minister of Agriculture in the early summer of 1942 told the story of the transition from dependence on other countries to the development of self-sufficiency in a majority of foodstuffs since the war (an achievement aided, of course, by wise rationing).

"We have increased our arable acreage" he said, "from 12 million acres to about 18 million now. . . . But not all the food production is being done by farmers. More than 5½ million families in towns and villages are growing their own vegetables in

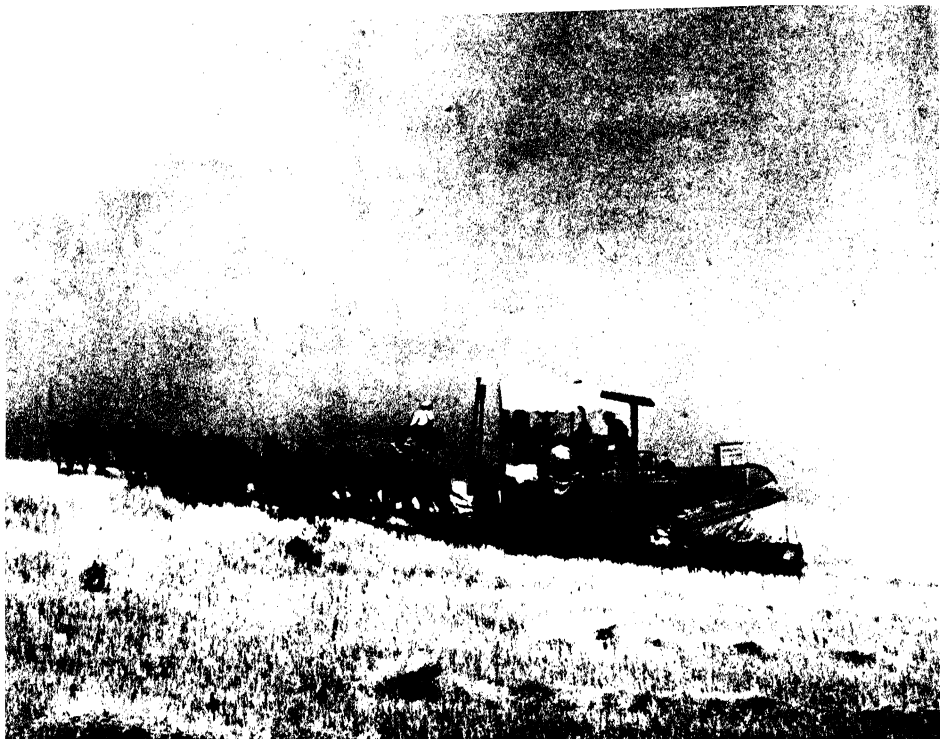


Heavy farm horses haul turnips which the farm labourers load by hand on this North Country English farm. A Westmorland village nestles at foot of the Moors.

gardens or allotments. . . Using as we are 120,000 tractors, we are to-day the most mechanized farming country in Europe. Our wheat acreage is up by a third, our potato acreage by 70 per cent. Oats are up from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to over 4 million acres, and farm vegetables from less than 3 million tons to over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million. . . We are eating less meat and less butter . . . and drinking 25 per cent. more fresh milk than ever before."

Labour has been the central difficulty in this war-time agricultural expansion. Of the 900,000 at work on farms at the beginning of the war, farm labourers accounted for about 600,000 and, of course, many of this number have gone to join the armed forces. Without the help of some 50,000 land girls, and without the tractor, this revolution in farming could never have been realized. At the beginning of the war there were 50,000 tractors in the country. Thanks largely to the manufacturing genius of Mr Ford, the number has been increased to 120,000. Besides foodstuffs, British folk are raising chickens and ducks and rabbits on farms, in back yards, in crates and boxes tucked here and there ; and there are nearly 3000 pig clubs whose members, by saving every scrap of kitchen and garden refuse, feed 150,000 pigs.

If the cultivation of land fell during that period of heavy imports, at least the cultivation of the British taste for a wide variety of fruits and vegetables which had hitherto been unknown in England was accomplished. It is not so long ago since that dish of doubtful fame known as "greens," consisting of cabbage boiled and chopped, and served dripping from its hot bath, was the staple accompaniment to potatoes. Now vegetables like tomatoes and sprouting broccoli, artichokes and sea-kale, have become commonplace. The British have even developed a taste for sweet corn. This

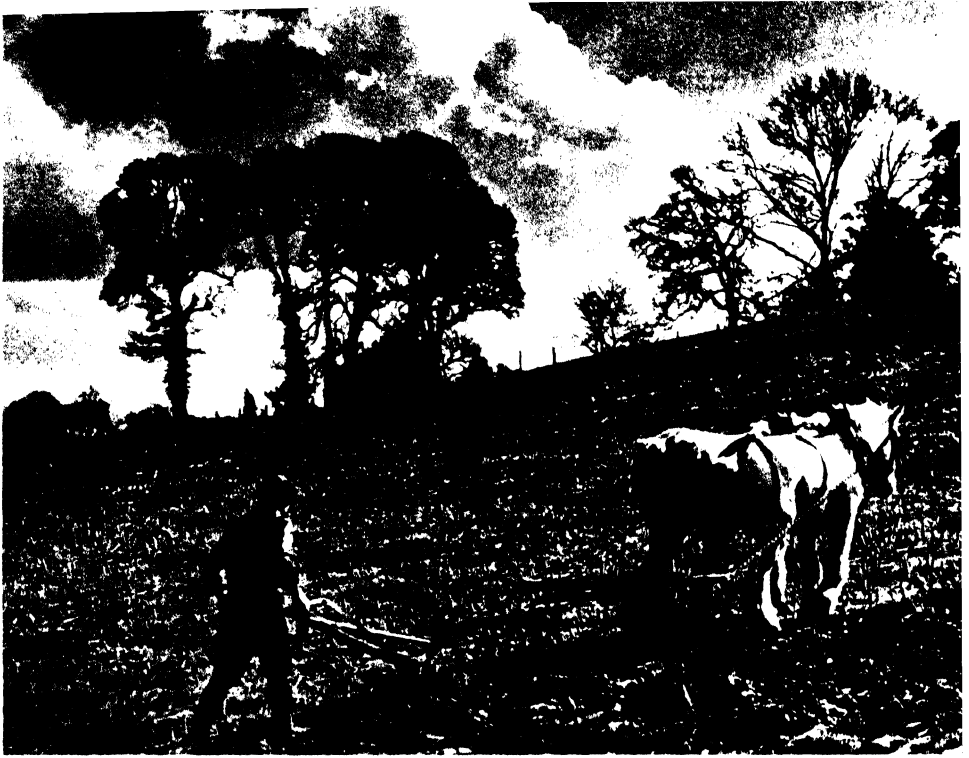


Eighteen to twenty mules work together hauling this combine on the wheat fields of Walla Walla County, Washington. Fully mechanized harvesters are more common in most parts of America.

favourite American vegetable cannot be grown on a commercial scale in the uncertain English climate. But by planting the seed in a hot glasshouse in January or February and nursing the plants along until danger of frost is over before setting them in the open, I have gathered a fine crop of juicy ears in many a British summer. Small ears of corn could be found in a few smart shops in London during the summer of 1942 at the price of 1s. 6d. an ear (about 30 cents).

There are more fishermen per head of the population in Britain than in America, and more fish appears on British tables. But often there is no table. Fish and chips—the British counterpart to the American hot dog—is bought piping hot in the fried fish shops and taken away to be eaten in a bit of newspaper. And nice and tasty too ! But don't forget to shake the vinegar bottle over them before you leave the shop. You'll find it on the counter along with the salt-cellar, and you're expected to help yourself.

Our catalogue of natural resources (why must they be so dull when they are the very foundation of life ?) would not be complete without mention of sources of power—coal, petroleum, natural gas and water-power—on which our industrial civilization depends. Britain and America use more power per head than any of the other countries in the



This farm labourer can turn a pretty furrow as he follows his neatly groomed horses up and down the field. Trees against the clouds frame a typical English scene.

world. In coal consumed per head Britain is first with almost four tons, America second with about two and a half. In oil consumed per head America leads with one ton. Britain is rich in coal resources, but she has no natural gas (such as gushes out of the earth in some parts of America), and her poverty in petroleum necessitates large imports for her considerable consumption per head of population. Except for water-power all these resources are exhaustible. America is therefore, again, more fortunate than Britain, for her undeveloped water-power sites will produce, it is estimated, at least six times as much electric energy as those already developed.

The Boulder Dam (largest in the world) in Colorado, in its setting of exceptional grandeur, is an engineering triumph. Grand Coulee Dam, in the state of Washington, now nearing completion, will provide the greatest single source of electric power in the world. It will raise the level of the Columbia River behind it by 355 feet, and create a lake 151 miles long whose waters will irrigate 1,200,000 acres of fertile land which is too dry to be very productive without irrigation.

But the most interesting of these projects is the Tennessee River Valley scheme with its manifold objects of controlling floods, reclaiming waste lands, and revitalizing an impoverished river basin by providing power for industrial development. The



Tennessee Valley project must not be visualized as confined to a narrow strip adjoining the river. It covers an area some 600 miles long and a hundred miles wide. Six multiple-purpose dams—the Wheeler, Norris, Pickwick Landing, Guntersville, Hiwassee and Chickamauga—have been completed, and other dams are in course of construction.

Guntersville Dam has a direct link with Great Britain through John Gunter, a Scotsman, who founded the town of Guntersville in the state of Alabama in 1784. He married a Cherokee Indian, and became head of the tribe which flourished mightily under his administration. His sons after him were conspicuous figures in the old Cherokee nation, but they'd hardly recognize their Indian village to-day.

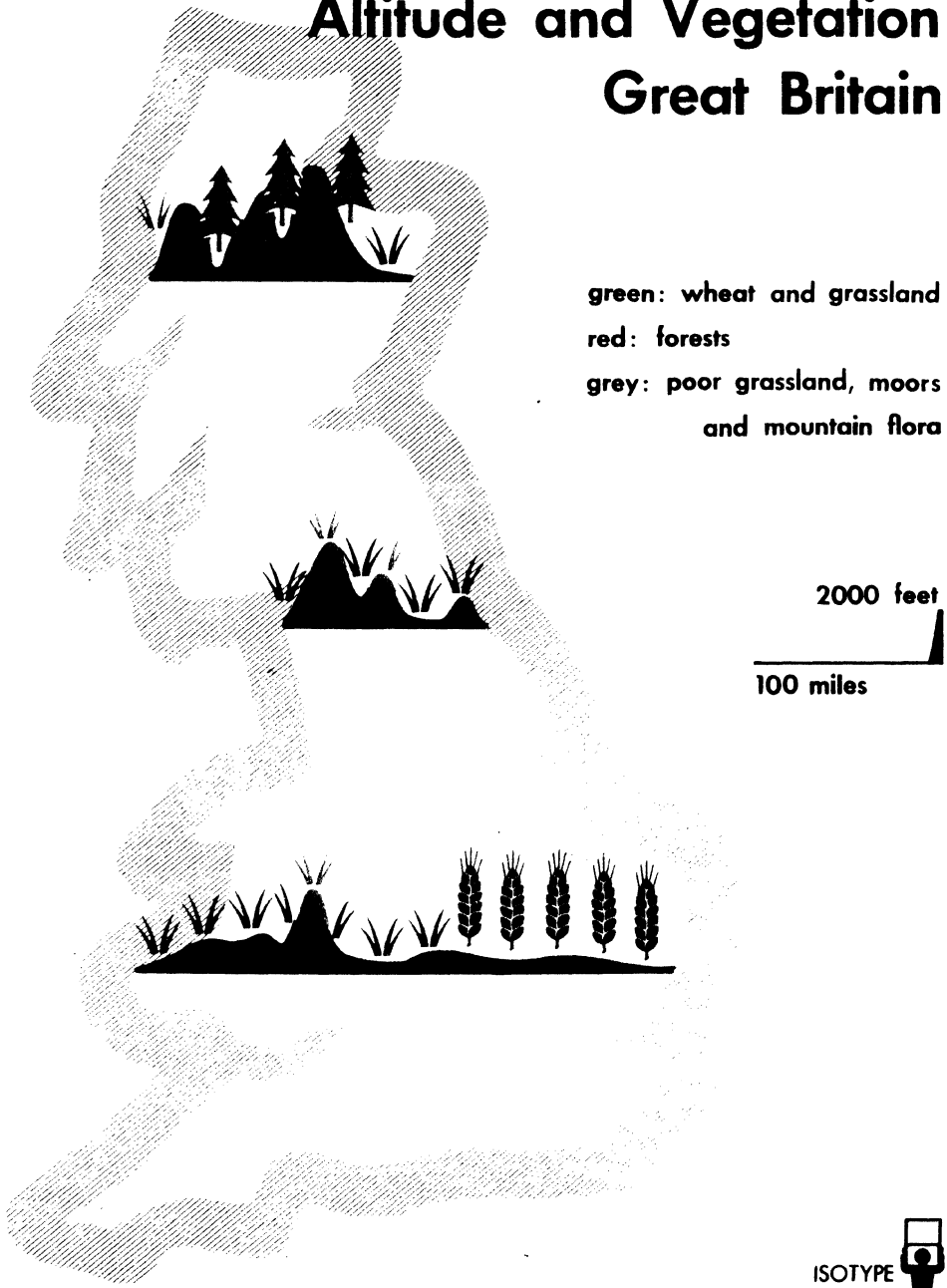
The reclamation of the Tennessee Valley is as dramatic as any movie. Thousands of acres had to be purchased, thousands of families moved to new homes; bridges, telegraph lines, railways, cemeteries—anything which happened to be in the way was transferred to another place. Vast lakes which have been turned into public summer resorts appeared on waste swamp land. Whole towns with all the essential sanitary equipment sprang up to accommodate the thousands of workers.

Through all this mess of dredging, draining, clearing of swamps, felling of trees, the underlying motive has been not only to create new power for industries, but to provide a more beautiful and a more prosperous life for the people of the valley. The authorities even worried about disturbing the musk-rats which have hitherto been a source of income for one section of the community; they spent some anxiety over the fishes. But the official report is glad to announce that the fishes are settling down happily in their new environment. And the musk-rats are O.K. too—like their new layout.

Mineral, fuel and power resources led to manufactures. Britain was once the "workshop of the world." She has lost her pre-eminence but still has a higher proportion of her population engaged in manufacturing than any other country. Her five million factory workers do not use such high-powered machines as American workers; yet her export of finished manufactures are many times as high per head of population, and help materially to pay for the foodstuffs Britain needs so badly to import.

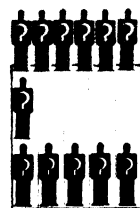
The manufactures of Britain are carried on mainly in London, the Midlands and North of England, and the Lowland regions of Scotland; the manufactures of America are concentrated largely in the North-eastern States. If we divide the United States into three parts, the North and East is not so different from Britain in the share of the population working in different sorts of occupation. Manufacturing, with mining and building, comes first, trade and transport second, other services third, agriculture last. But in the Southern States agriculture, including cotton and tobacco cultivation, comes first with almost twice as many workers as in manufacture, mining and building; while in the West each sort of occupation has about an equal number of workers. In an industrial sense the Eastern third of America is a kind of expanded New England.

# Altitude and Vegetation Great Britain



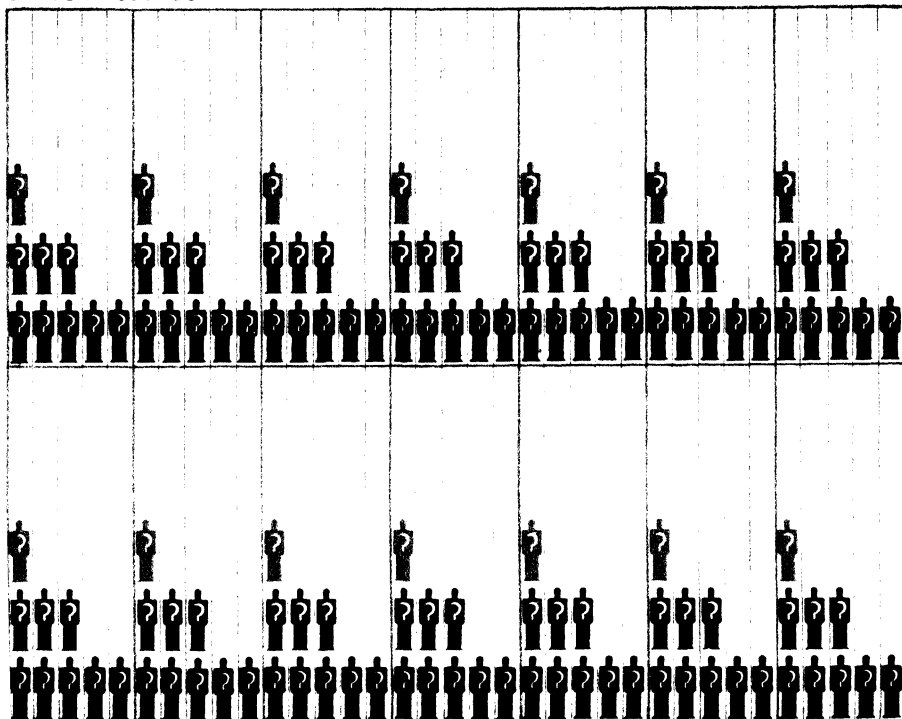
The mountains of Scotland are clothed in fir-trees, indicated in red here. The Pennines (in centre) and the mountains of Wales (bottom section) may seem to appear in odd places, but you have to remember that these are three cross-sections.

# Farms and Farm Workers, 1935



Great Britain

## United States



Each black symbol represents 100,000 farmers

Each blue symbol represents 100,000 working relatives of farmers

Each red symbol represents 100,000 hired labour

Each section represents 100,000 farms or holdings (average size in Gt. Britain 60 acres, in the United States 150 acres)

ISOTYPE

Note the number of farms and the extent of farm land in America compared to Britain. Each section (grouped in fives for easy counting) is 100,000 farms. A British farm or holding of any size, however small, has on the average rather more than one labourer (red), but a hired man is found on only one out of five American farms. More relatives work on family farms in America. Labourers, farmers, and relatives all wear sickles in our picture as a symbol of their trade.

Round about 1830 old England and young America both went crazy over an invention of George Stephenson—an iron monster which ran about on rails, belching smoke and soot and roaring like a wild animal. No single invention has ever stirred such profound emotions in the human breast. "There is not a quiet village in England that you have not filled with bellowing rage," wrote John Ruskin some forty years after railways had become commonplace.

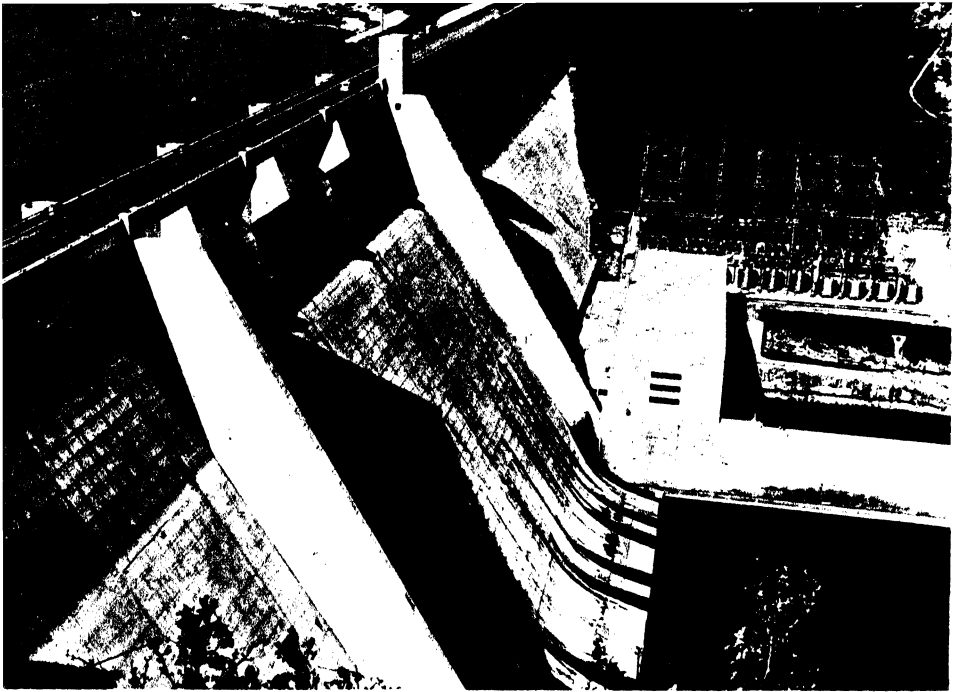
The first railway was laid down in England in the face of many dire predictions of the destruction and horror which would result. But conversion to the new-fangled idea was rapid, and very soon iron rails were streaking in all directions. An orgy of speculation broke out. Wild-cat companies sprang up over night, and the public obligingly rushed to pour millions of pounds into the enterprises. The railway mania reached its height in the year 1845.

*The Times* issued many a warning, and printed a list of "1263 railway companies, requiring for construction a capital of £563,000,000," declaring that this was a situation without parallel in the history of the world. All other business was virtually suspended. In that summer, we are told, "For many months no tradesman has been found at his counter or merchant in his office." Extolling these new "wonders of the world," one newspaper wrote: "The ruined hills and broken altars of old Greece will soon re-echo the whistle of the locomotive, or be converted to shrines sacred to commerce, by the power of these magnificent agencies."

In fact, the whole story might easily have come out of America. Nor would the comparison be complete without mention of the Railway King, George Hudson, whose rise to fame was clouded by a good deal of tricky business. When, toward the end of his meteoric career, he was charged with fraud on a stupendous scale, he preferred to flee the country rather than face the music. Hudson was, indeed, what many Britishers would consider a typical American—a self-made man of great enterprise whose lavish entertainments were staged with breath-taking extravagance, and whose influence in Parliament throughout the early part of his career was too uniformly successful to be above suspicion.

Hudson dominated the civic life of his home town, the old and dignified cathedral city of York; he enriched his friends as well as himself; he was renowned for his charities; and whether by rectitude or racketeering, he cast a network of railways over the Midlands and North of England in a remarkably short space of time. His astonishing rise and fall provides an interesting insight into British character. Even during his glamorous days of power and prosperity he was a favourite subject for the robust humour of cartoonists. When his bubble finally burst, public anger rose in fury. It was "un-British" for a man to flee from trouble. Cowardice was worse than crime. There is always a tendency to feel that bad conduct is worse for the British than for other nationalities, where its presence is not so surprising. The other day a Dutch soldier got embroiled in a fight and bit his opponent. At his trial the British judge remarked that it was "un-British to bite anyone." The Dutch sailor's captain replied, "It's un-Dutch too, your Honour," a sally which set the whole country chortling.

But that benign quality of tolerance which lies deep in the British nature asserted itself on Hudson's behalf. When it became known that the Railway King, a broken



A completed section of the Tennessee River Valley Scheme in America, which extends for some 600 miles, and is about 100 miles wide. Six multiple purpose dams are already in operation.

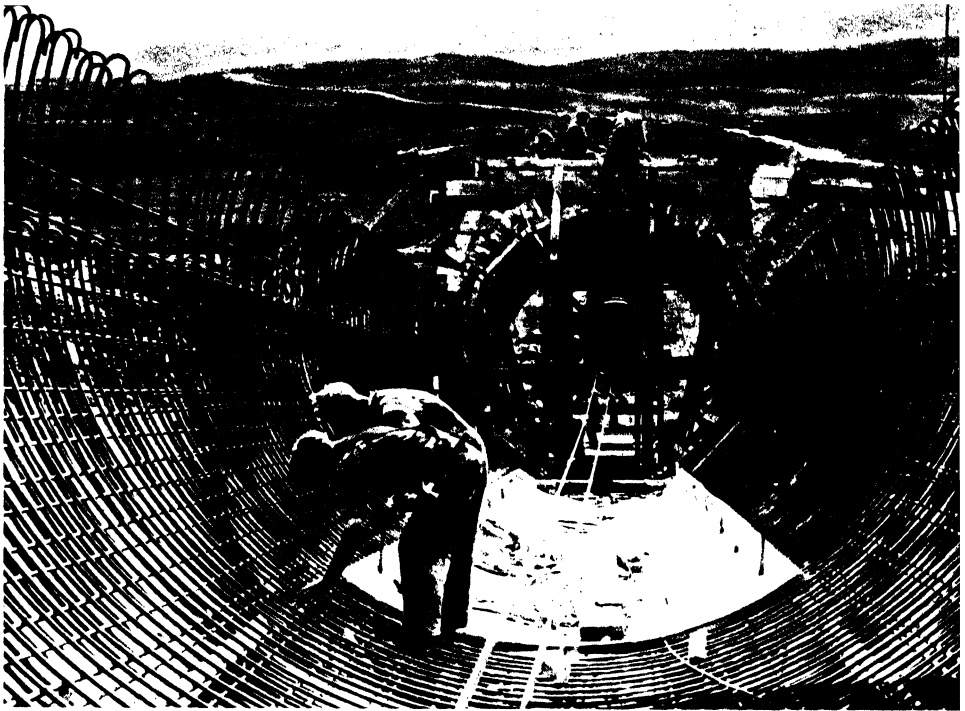
old man, was living in penury in France, a fund was organized and he was brought back to his native land, where he lived out his life in modest comfort.

The early lines were opened with great celebrations, which were not without their comic and tragic interludes. The opening of the Leicester and Swannington line was announced in July 1832 in this quaint advertisement :

THE OPENING of the RAILWAY will take place on TUESDAY NEXT, the 17th instant. The Locomotive Engine, with a train of Carriages, will start from the Augustin Friars at 10 o'clock, and proceed to Bagworth ; and the Proprietors may be supplied with tickets on application at the Directors' Room in the Friar-lane, between the hours of 10 and 12 this day.

It will be absolutely necessary that the Line of Railway should be kept clear, and the public are warned that any persons venturing upon it will expose themselves to imminent danger.

This cautionary advice was no doubt prompted by an accident which had occurred two years previously on the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, when Mr Huskisson, a member of the Government, seeing the Duke of Wellington on the opposite track, stepped in front of the oncoming engine to greet him. Poor Huskisson, as a member of the ruling classes, had been used to having things stop when he wanted

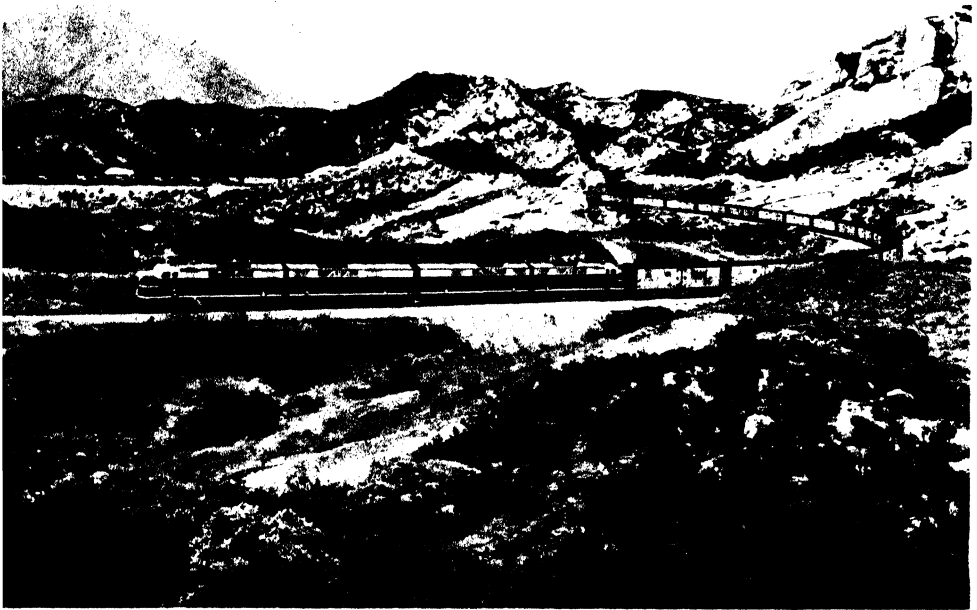


British workmen building a reinforced aqueduct, part of a £3,000,000 hydro electric scheme in Scotland to provide electric power for South-western Scotland and the industrial North of England.

to cross the road, and he did not live to learn the lesson that Stephenson's new wonder was not so tractable.

But on this occasion no such tragedy marred the gallant start of the train, which took off with banners flying and bands playing. The last coach carried a small cannon which was fired at suitable intervals as a signal for all the church bells to be rung. Four hundred ladies and gentlemen decked out in Sunday finery rode in the train. Suddenly it stopped in the middle of a tunnel. Quickly a message was passed from coach to coach : "Keep your seats ; it's only the engine chimney that has caught the top of the tunnel, that's all." But when they finally emerged from the tunnel the passengers concluded it had been quite enough, for their faces and veils and bonnets were thickly covered with soot. While the chimney was being restored the ladies and gentlemen repaired to a near-by stream to wash and make themselves presentable for the cold collation and champagne which awaited them at the end of their exciting journey.

Landlords often resisted the application for a right of way, which led on some occasions to the employment of a gang of prize-fighters to protect the surveyors. While there was great rivalry between some cities for inclusion on the route of the new railways, others, like Northampton, rejected this noisy disturber of the peace, and find them-



Hauled by a 5400 h.p. diesel electric locomotive, this American freight train nearly does a complete loop as it chugs along the Santa Fé route over the Sierra Nevada Range. The end of the train and the caboose couldn't get into the picture.

selves to this day inconveniently connected with the main traffic of the country by branch lines.

But the railways had come to stay, and as an indication of the assurance of their promoters, great railway stations were built, alas, to last. "The railway station at Derby is a wonderfully extensive place, which astonishes every person arriving there for the first time, so stupendous and magnificent does everything appear."

Americans arriving at Euston or at New Street station in Birmingham are still astonished, but rather for other reasons. They are amazed that anything could be so drab and cheerless; they marvel at the small gloomy waiting-room heated (if that isn't too optimistic) by a single open fire. And even the most conservative Britisher traveling in America finds himself drawing critical comparisons between the old stations of London and the beauties of Grand Central and Pennsylvania stations in New York. The railway stations which dot the countryside of England, whether they are an adaptation of Gothic, or show a Swiss or rustic influence, have an individuality all their own. If you saw them anywhere in the world you could identify them at once as English. They are not things of beauty, but often as I have stood on one of those wayside stations nestling among the green verdure of the English countryside, and have noted the enclosed staircases connecting the bridge across the line giving access to 'up' or 'down' trains, the water-tank, the fretted woodwork, and all those features which are invariably common to all, I have felt on such occasions that I would resist to the last ditch any change in this so typical English scene.



Somebody will have a job to sort out these British goods trucks waiting in a marshalling yard. Albert Usher, Rose, Smith and Co., and the other owners of private trucks will be needing them for fresh loads.

The railway-builders of England held the view that long-range operating costs were more important than immediate saving on construction, and for the most part they smoothed out the contours of the land so that there are few steep gradients. (Americans would readily have gone over a hill which the British tunnelled through.) As a result the construction costs per mile of line have been higher in England than anywhere else in the world. The first engines were small and not so powerful as those very soon developed in America. It is interesting that the first engine to appear in America was one shipped from England. From this beginning American engineers developed more powerful types which were in turn shipped back to England to overcome the difficulties on a few gradients such as the Lickey incline, near Birmingham, which defeated the British engines. The American engine seems to have impressed English engineers, for in 1836 eight were ordered from Philadelphia, the first four of which were significantly named "England," "Philadelphia," "Columbia" and "Atlantic." Thus were the early transportation destinies of the two countries linked. But the American habit of bragging produced the inevitable sting. Taunts appeared in an American newspaper that "the English could make inclines but had to come to America for engines to work them," and so the English were spurred to build an engine every bit as powerful.

Meanwhile the railways were developing in Scotland, but until Stephenson's bridges over the rivers Tyne and Tweed were completed, there was a gap at two points in the English-Scottish stretch over which passengers were conveyed "by coach and



horses at full gallop." In due course a sleeping-car was introduced on the London-Glasgow and London-Liverpool routes, and Pullman cars were brought over from America.

The American type of passenger car with seats facing forward on either side of a central aisle was also tried out, but the English taste for seclusion produced so strong a reaction in favour of the small compartments holding six to eight people that this type of coach was retained. The standard carriage approximates very closely to the shape and arrangement of the old stage-coach. To-day, one or two British companies are using a compromise carriage, which has a central aisle, and pairs of seats facing each other, each pair partially secluded from its neighbour by a high partition.

The railway companies have been combined so that there are now four main lines : the Great Western (the G.W.R.) operating in the west ; the London Midland and Scottish (always known as the L.M.S.) in the north-west, which follows the western route to Scotland ; the London and North Eastern (the L.N.E.R.), which takes the eastern route to Scotland ; and the Southern, which runs in dignity without a nickname. Legend has it that the R was dropped from the L.M.S. when an enterprising employee figured out how much money could be saved by not having to paint the extra letter on coaches and railway property.

British railways started off with three classes for passengers : luxuriously fitted first class for rich landlords, titled nobility and railway directors ; second class (still pretty comfortable), which was patronized by the rapidly growing well-to-do middle class ; and third, which provided the minimum of comfort in bare wooden benches. In 1875 the Midland Railway provided cushions even in third-class carriages, and cushioned they have been ever since. Second class has now been abolished except in trains conveying passengers to the Channel ports, and even first class (to the discomfort of some of the older generation) has been invaded by all and sundry. For the trains are overcrowded, and no one is expected to stand in a third-class carriage when a seat is vacant in a first. The other day, bent on official business, I prepared to enjoy the privilege of first-class travel, only to find that my companions were three Gypsies with a bevy of incredibly dirty children !

Americans are always amused at British freight cars, or goods trucks as they are called in England. Each truck is hardly half the size of the American freight car, and there are not so many of the familiar American box cars. Instead, freight or goods are carried in open trucks covered over with tarpaulins tied down at the sides.

It seems odd to an American, too, that many of the goods trucks are owned by individual collieries or shippers or by municipalities. This is a survival from the early days, when a railway company might build and own the tracks without operating any rolling stock at all. Instead, they rented the rails to people who had their own private locomotives and carriages.

The birth of railways in America (railroad to Americans) followed much the same exciting pattern as in England. Until about 1860 all the development except 21 miles in California was confined to the Eastern third of the United States. In England the railways were designed essentially to link up cities, and they spun out their lengths through a countryside already well cultivated, and interspersed with villages. In America, after the few towns in the East were joined, the railways shot out into vast stretches of country which was completely uninhabited. Railroads came first, and

towns sprang up later in proximity to them. Indeed, the railway companies as soon as their lines were opened embarked upon a strenuous campaign to get the West populated so as to increase their revenues. To-day America has some 250,000 miles of railroads—more than a third of the total in the whole world. Great Britain has 20,000 miles.

The same carnival of speculation which *The Times* had deplored in England, developed in the United States. In America the railroads avoided the necessity of purchasing land which had cost the British so dearly, for such a large part of the country was still unclaimed in private ownership that the Government was able to offer promoters generous grants of land. In all, the Government gave the companies 164,000 square miles. In addition the two companies which undertook the first transcontinental railway were subsidized with substantial government loans.

The real railway excitement in America developed over this first line linking East to West. The project was undertaken in 1862 by two companies—the Union Pacific which was to build westward from the Missouri, starting at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the Central Pacific, which, beginning in California, would meet the other line at some unspecified point. It was a stupendous job. Chinese coolies toiled in the western mountains, and a great army of Irishmen and tough adventurers swarmed along the route on the plains of Montana and Wyoming. There was considerable hostility from the Indians, so that every working gang had to be protected by bands of scouts looking for trouble. At any moment the men might be called upon to drop their picks and shovels and seize their muskets.

At the time the railway was started, settlers had not to any extent pushed farther west than the Mississippi and some near-by parts of Kansas and Nebraska. There was a considerable settlement at San Francisco, and there were a few hamlets in the Columbia river valley. Apart from these outposts and the Mormon community which had already been established in Utah, the country was uninhabited except by wild Indians and wild buffaloes. Yet a quarter of a century later, virtually all that land had developed into states and territories, and most of the government land had passed into private possession. Never in all the history of man has so far-flung a frontier been so quickly overtaken by civilization.

The building of that first railway line across the continent was marked by every kind of difficulty. Engineers hewed out a roadbed zig-zagging up the mountain side when they could, tunnelling through when the gradient was too steep. They blasted their way through rock, threw bridges over ravines and gorges, battled with snow-drifts. There were no power derricks, no modern dredgers to move thousands of tons of earth. The road was built with pick and shovel. Food and water and shelter for the workers had to be wrested from a hostile land; there was bribery and sabotage and intrigue; there was plenty of labour trouble when the workmen rebelled against the hard conditions under which they lived. At times only iron determination kept the job going.

But at last the great day came when the two working armies came into view of each other. With hectic labour the last mile was completed, and on May 10th, 1869, the "wedding of the rails" was celebrated at Promontory Point, Utah. A silver sledge-hammer drove spikes made of Californian gold into the connecting rails, and the great adventure ended in a boisterous celebration. The news was telegraphed to every part

of the country, and the first experiment in broadcasting was staged, for by special arrangements, the actual sound of the silver hammer on the golden pegs was heard in telegraph stations throughout the land.

The railway fever in no way abated with the opening of the Union Pacific. Even before it was completed Congress had authorized two others. By 1884 three main railroads, in addition to the Union Pacific, connected the Mississippi valley with the west coast ; the Northern Pacific, the Santa Fé, and the Southern Pacific. Another route which settlers often found convenient to use was the Canadian Pacific, which runs parallel to the United States lines, just north of the border. Later the Great Northern was added, and many branch lines opened up still further sections of the country. At the beginning of the twentieth century, yet another railway, the Milwaukee and St Paul, forged its way across the continent. This road was ill-starred, and only a short time after it began to operate, went into liquidation. It was electrified over most of the route—the first experiment of this kind in railroad enterprise—and the tremendous cost proved its downfall.

The Union Pacific cuts across the United States a little to the north of the centre. The Santa Fé lies between the Union and the Southern Pacific and joins the Southern for the last lap of its hot run through the Mojave Desert. These railways all converge on San Francisco ; the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern and the Milwaukee and St Paul serve the Northern States and connect Seattle, Washington, the farthest-most north-western city with the East.

To-day a spiderweb of railway lines covers the country. Biggest spider in the web is Chicago, which, in volume of tonnage and extent of facilities, is the largest railway terminal in the world. Radiating from Chicago are 22 trunk lines serving the entire nation. In fact, it is normally assumed that wherever you're bound, you'll have to change trains in Chicago. The city has 160 railroad yards with 5000 miles of track, and 73 freight stations. There wasn't enough space on the surface for handling all the business, so enterprising Chicagoans went underground. Forty-nine miles of subterranean tunnels, electrically operated, connect the freight stations with factories, warehouses and stores. Any good member of the Chicago Association of Commerce could reel off miles more of superlative figures, but I guess you know by this time that Chicago is a mighty important place.

While the railways were being laid, engineers were busily improving the efficiency and design of locomotives and of rolling stock. The great distances to be traversed in America and the mountains which have to be climbed have stimulated the development of more powerful engines which can pull longer trains of bigger cars. America is at a disadvantage in covering so vast a territory, since her raw materials and her produce must be moved over far greater distances per head of population than is the case in England.

The relative size of trains, both freight and passenger, is always a matter of amazement and amusement to Britishers and Americans visiting each other. And so is the caboose, a kind of home from home which brings up the rear of every freight train in America, and is necessary to the comfort of the crew on their long trips. Another strange sight is to be seen in America. Along the flat top of the box freight cars is a kind of cat walk, and the brakemen and conductors acquire the greatest agility in strolling along the top of the train while it is in full motion. In the early days they sometimes lost

## Great Britain



## United States



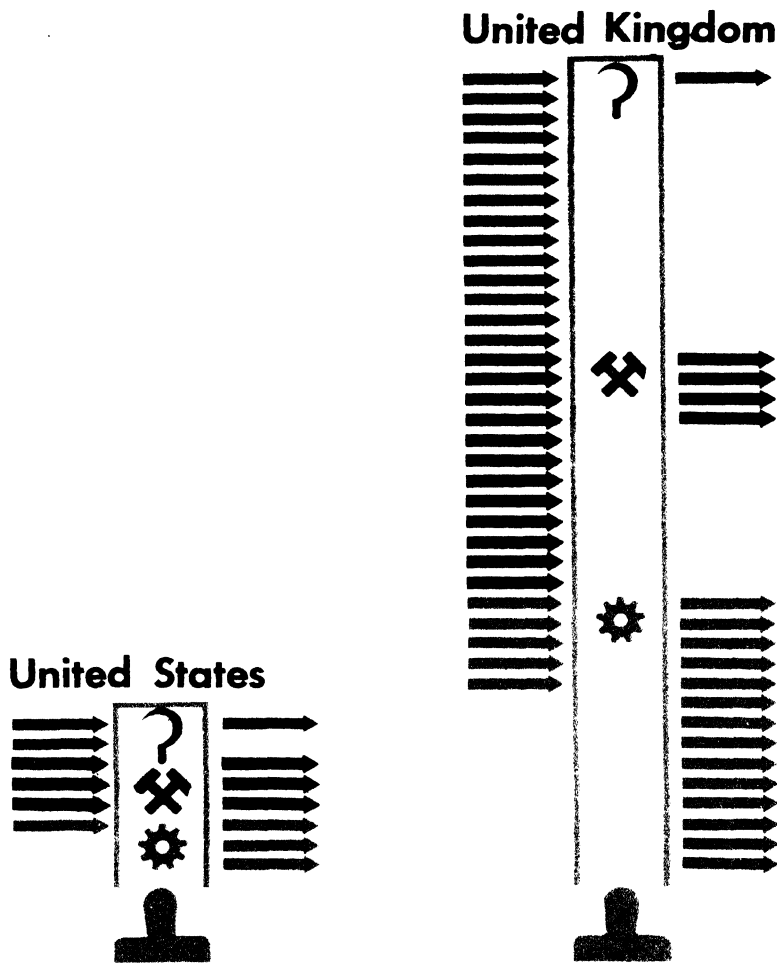
Each grey figure represents 5 million population  
 Each complete red symbol represents 5 million cattle  
 Each complete black symbol represents 5 million pigs  
 Each complete blue symbol represents 5 million sheep

Average for 1935 - 1939

There are more cattle and pigs per head of population in America than Britain, but sheep—only 5 in U.S. for every 9 in Britain—are a different story, and provide the tender home-grown leg of mutton prized by the British.

ISOTYPE

# imports and exports per Head, 1935



Each arrow represents 2.5 dollars or 10 shillings

green: foodstuffs

black: crude materials and semi-manufactures

red: finished manufactures

ISOTYPE 

Britain trades manufactured goods for much of the food and materials she must import. For the rest she pays by investments abroad and by services, such as shipping. America is more self-sufficient.

their lives by being swept off the train when it passed under a bridge or into a tunnel. To safeguard the men a metal fringe is suspended over the tracks a short distance from the danger point and when the perambulating brakeman runs into this harmless obstacle, he knows he'd better duck if he values his life.

The American passenger trains are luxurious. As early as 1864 George Pullman introduced his "palace cars," and year by year the Pullman company has added new palatial features. (The Pullman company builds and owns the Pullman cars in America, but the freight cars are owned by the railway companies. It is the other way round in Britain, where many goods trucks are privately owned, but all the passenger rolling-stock belongs to the railways.) The observation car at the end of the train has deeply comfortable swivel chairs so that you can turn quickly from one beautiful view to another. American dining-cars too are a thing of joy, for the food is so good, and the cheerful Negro waiters always so engaging.

I can just remember the first trip I made across the continent. My parents took a large assortment of their children along to settle in California. We travelled 'tourist' and took with us vast hampers filled with roast chickens and hams, and batches of my mother's renowned cookies and doughnuts. At the end of the coach was a cooking-stove, and here, in friendly sociability, all the passengers joined each day in making hot drinks and cooking hot dishes to supplement their hampers. We spent seven days and almost as many nights on board, but I can still recall the sad regret I felt as the coloured porter helped me to clamber down at our journey's end. Americans, I think, take a greater delight in going places than almost any other people on earth. The sight of the little stool which the porter puts down at the steps of the train to give access to the high bottom step (for American platforms are not built up level with the floor of the train as they are in England)—the sight of this symbol of travel always thrills me with pleasurable anticipation. Travel seems more exciting in America. In Britain the train pulls out without noise or ado, almost as though it were sneaking away. In America as the moment for departure draws near there is an air of bustle and animation. There are cries of "A-l-l A-board," whistles blow, the engine bell clangs and you move off with a dramatic flourish.

Sleeping-cars are of course commonplace in America. By day they are not unlike other coaches, except that the seats are arranged in pairs facing each other on either side of a central aisle instead of all facing forward. As night comes on, the coloured porter starts making up the beds—one bed below, and another above. The two seats form the foot and the head of the lower bed, while the top one emerges from a polished panel in the ceiling. You are separated from your neighbours by a green curtain which hangs from the top of the coach to the floor and can be neatly buttoned up inside. You can be sure of as comfortable a bed as ever you sampled. I'd rather go to sleep in an American train than anywhere else in the world.

But from the commercial point of view the railways are not what they were in the good old days. What with highways, airways, waterways, and pipe lines (which transport oil for hundreds of miles) the railroads are no longer quite the king pin in the transportation system.

Motor traffic in Britain and especially in America has taken a heavy toll of the railways. Roads in America were indifferently made and kept when they catered only for the horse and buggy, the farm waggon or the 'hack' (a type of carriage, not a horse as



Here is Rockefeller Center (Fifth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street), with formal garden in foreground. Tallest building in group is seventy stories high. Express lifts will shoot you up to the roof garden in a twinkling.

in Britain). But during the last thirty years fine highways have been built right across the continent—more than 500,000 miles of state highways alone. Despite the fact that there's one motor-car for every four or five people in the United States (it is 20 per car in Britain), bus services have also been widely developed. Should you be short of cash but long in endurance, you can travel right across the continent by bus, riding day and night—if you can take it.

Britain has some fine four-lane highways, but whichever way you travel, you're bound to get into a village bottle-neck where the roads are narrow and winding. This rather adds to the pleasure of motor travel, but it slows down long-haul goods traffic. Britain lends itself rather well to motor traffic because of the short distances between towns, and huge motor lorries, often hauling a trailer, are exasperating features of the English countryside wherever a main road cuts through.

City residents, both in Britain and America, in pursuing their busy affairs, ride in buses and tramways (street cars in America), and in some cases dive into subterranean conveyances. New York's subway has express trains which shoot you for miles without a stop. London's underground railways are in some cases prodigiously deep—the deepest in the world! Lifts (elevators to the American) and escalators carry



Here is Big Ben, whose resonant voice has been heard the world over. Houses of Parliament on the right are mostly out of the picture. You can see one graceful pinnacle—Thames in background. Street is Whitehall, seat of government offices.

passengers up and down. Britain's double-decker trams are a distinctive feature which I don't remember having seen in America. But many American cities have a special type of open street cars for summer which are cool and delightful. Some cities run their street cars underground where the traffic has become too congested on the surface. There are not many double-deck buses in America either. London never went in for an elevated railway run on a high trestle built right down the middle of the road, such as adorned (maybe I've used the wrong word) the streets of New York for so many years, but is now fast disappearing from the scene. San Francisco must have more street-car tracks up its main street than any other city in the world. And Seattle has the cutest cable cars which crawl over hills too steep to be negotiated by electric street cars. The trackless trolley-bus is now a feature in both countries. The transport service in American towns is largely in private ownership. New York City Transit System is the largest municipally owned and operated transportation property in America. In Britain nearly all town transport systems are owned and operated by the municipality.

Waterways are the oldest of all travel routes. Britain, of course, as an island surrounded by sea, has always made important use of coastwise shipping, and still does. The



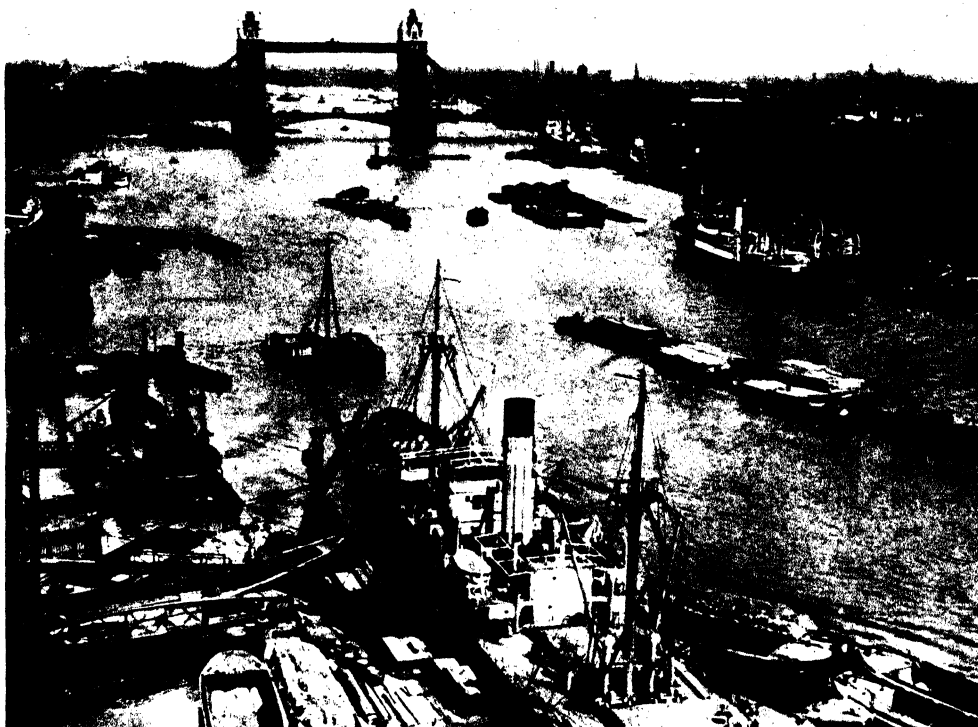


Great ocean liners nose into New York harbour and tie up in the shadow of the skyscrapers. This is the view of Manhattan which greets the visitor arriving from Britain.

United States, with her Atlantic ports on the East, and Pacific ports on the West, handles a tonnage of coastwise shipping far greater than is usually realized. These routes connect her too with rich sources of supplies in South America, and year by year, more and more ships ply from North to South and back again in coastal waters. New York ranks with London as the busiest port in the world. Ocean vessels can nose right into the city and tie up in the shadow of Manhattan skyscrapers.

America is singularly blessed in her great inland lakes and rivers. As early as 1820 she started building canals to link up one natural waterway with another. The "Soo" canal between Lake Superior and Lake Huron carries vastly more tonnage than the Suez Canal.

British canals, which were once an important adjunct to her commercial life, have in many cases fallen into disuse, though a certain amount of freight, especially coal, bricks and stone for building, and such heavy and bulky materials, is still carried by barges, many of them mechanized. Slow-moving horses plodding along the towpath, with their brightly painted barges, are still a common sight, and seem to offer an idyllic life of peace and leisure. But maybe the bargees wouldn't think so. The barges in use in most parts of America are considerably larger than the characteristic English barge, a narrow vessel known as the "monkey boat," which loads only about 30 tons.



This is the Pool of London, where moderate-sized ships berth at the riverside wharves. Lighters wait to take off freight. Larger passenger and cargo boats unload in the lower river.

Even so, some canal locks are too narrow to accommodate them. The standard American barge averages about 300 tons.

The youngest and highest and swiftest method of getting around is by airway. Before the war Britain was developing services to link the Mother Country with the Empire, and with the Continent. Though air lines are operated between London and some of the cities in Scotland and the Provinces, the saving in time from door to door over these short distances is not remarkable.

But America has made tremendous strides in this field, as might be expected since the vast distances make flying so desirable. To-day you can fly from New York to San Francisco in 17 hours. In 1940 there were 2345 airports and landing-fields—municipal, commercial, and government—and 310 seaplane bases and anchorages. Airplanes flew 108,800,436 miles over the United States, carried 2,959,480 passengers, 12,506,176 pounds of freight, and an even greater weight of mail—and I hope you're not as dizzy as I am.

And now relax ! Consider how the conquest of time and space goes on. First each country is knit together—town to town and city to countryside. Then great steamships crowd the sailing clippers off the seas, and the two countries draw closer together. And now the airplane. It looks as though the sullen old sea would have to give in at last.

## THE MELTING-POT

"Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free . . .  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me."

Few Americans and fewer Englishmen have ever read these tender lines engraved on the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour. But the millions of immigrants who during the past century scanned the horizon for a first glimpse of the promised land would have appreciated as no mere tourist ever can the significance of those sentiments.

"Send these . . . the tempest-tost to me" said the New World, and from every corner of Europe they came—the huddled masses—some forty million of them.

When the English arrived to lay a foundation in Virginia and New England, the Red Indians were in possession of the country. Not many of them—only a few tribes which had never been welded into a united nation. But they roamed from place to place, and resented the intrusion of the white men with tomahawk and arrow. A few scattered Frenchmen, a few Spaniards, but for the rest a vast uninhabited land. Hard on the heels of the English came settlers from Northern Ireland. Some of the descendants of these and later Irish emigrants—Jackson, Polk and McKinley—became Presidents of the United States. The Southern Irish didn't begin to migrate until after the War of Independence.

In the early 1830's the melting-pot really began to bubble. But even before the turn of the century the Germans had come in great numbers. Sober, industrious, home-loving folk, they settled in the Upper Hudson and Lower Mohawk valleys and in the rich farming districts of Pennsylvania, tilling the soil, they and their sons after them. America's doors stood wide open. There were no passports, visas, affidavits, guarantees. How the unhappy refugees of to-day must envy their forbears ! For America's hospitality has now become restrained and a little grudging.

In the nineteenth century a veritable tidal wave of Germans broke upon the still hospitable shores of America. Year in and year out the flow never ceased. Altogether, six million Germans have found refuge in the United States. They brought with them a passion for education and learning, a love of music and literature, and impressed their own culture on almost every community where they settled. The later arrivals pressed on to the Middle West. Many settled in Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Both Milwaukee and Chicago have large populations of Germans.

But the early German farming communities resisted assimilation into the new country. They spoke their own tongue and kept themselves to themselves. The entire family, men and women, worked in the fields. They built large barns to house their cattle and store their crops, while the family was content to make do with a small house and meagre comforts. They raised wheat for export and willingly ate Indian corn themselves in order to 'get ahead.' Even in that day, the Germans despised the black men and would not employ them on their farms.

This thrifty German community was in some contrast to the English settlements, especially those which developed in the South. For the Southern settlers brought with them the 'gentleman' tradition of their motherland. Wealthy planters built substantial houses of wood or brick in early Georgian style, often placed on an eminence

overlooking a river or commanding a fine view. The Colonial houses which survive, like George Washington's "Mount Vernon," high above the Potomac, are stately and dignified. Most of these Southern homes had separate quarters for the Negro slaves, containing also the kitchens so that no smell of cooking food could offend the white noses. Some of the Negroes lived in comparative comfort—they at least had plenty of food which they knew how to cook and enjoy. Next to the French I think Negroes more than any other race understand and appreciate good food. But there was always a tendency to economize in their houses. The rooms of the Negro quarters adjoining the Lee mansion at Arlington, Virginia, overlooking the city of Washington, were small and dark, and shocked me quite as much as the basement kitchens and sunless servants' rooms which I found in England.

The Negroes were among the earliest arrivals in America. They did not come of their own free will, but as slaves rounded up in Africa, and brought to the new land of freedom shackled in the holds of ships. So brisk was the slave trade that by 1790 blacks numbered a fifth of the total population. There are to-day about 12,000,000 Negroes in America, roughly a tenth of the population. America has still a long way to go in wiping out discrimination against this submerged tenth, before her sins against the Negro race are expiated.

On the stony and somewhat barren soil of New England less affluent farmers and their families struggled to eke out a living. But in general they never gave way to discouragement or despair, for the world lay before them, and if they found the struggle too severe they had only to move farther west to unlimited lands richer and more productive. Besides there was always excellent hunting of wild game and abundant fishing to supplement the home-grown produce. Industries too were rapidly developing, and many who were not so successful at farming turned to the new industrial occupations.

The Germans and the British were not the only emigrants. A few Scandinavians were among the early comers, but the concentrated settlement of Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas developed at a later date. Among the earliest arrivals were the Dutch who settled along the Hudson. It was the Dutch who founded New York and called it originally New Amsterdam. Harlem (once a Dutch village but now the Negro section of New York), Schuylkill, in Pennsylvania, the Catskill Mountains and many other Dutch names remain to mark their early settlements. Greatest achievement of all, the Dutch produced Roosevelt! Many of the Eastern states and cities bear names of English origin—New York, New Jersey, Boston, Plymouth, Maryland, Virginia, and of course Washington. For the Father of his Country sprang from an old English family whose home, Sulgrave Manor, in Northamptonshire, has been preserved by the British as a public monument.

Most of the early settlers, except the Negroes, braved the hazards of the sea in search of freedom. But in the 1840's the Irish, suffering from the potato famine in their own country, came in droves in search of food. These Irish from the South, driven by hunger to the New World, were not quite the same type as those earlier emigrants from Northern Ireland who were of Scottish and English origin. They'd had enough of farming the bare hillsides of their homeland and reaping nothing but disappointment. In the New World they stuck to cities, and thought themselves in urban clover even when they were crowded together in poor tenements sharing each

other's poverty. They were content to accept the hard work of building roads, railways and canals, spicing their labour with the characteristic good humour they brought with them. But they also brought to America their traditional antipathy to the English, and they never lost an opportunity of taking a crack at them.

The melting-pot did not always simmer gently. It frequently boiled over, spilling a mess of racial animosity over the new land. Most of the Americans were Protestants, and they watched with growing anxiety the rapid increase of Catholic churches, convents, and schools. Politicians, busily organizing their political machines, found that the Irish could be used profitably at the cost of small bribes. All this worried the Americans no little. Open conflict and riots developed. In 1845 an organization of "Native Americans," claiming a membership of a hundred thousand, was formed to combat the growing evils. Later it became one of the earliest of the secret societies known as the Supreme Order of the Star Spangled Banner.

The Irish aptitude for politics soon won them places of influence in city and state. In 1889 sixty-eight cities and towns of Massachusetts were governed by the Irish. Small wonder that the Cabots and Winthrops of Boston felt uneasy over the growing power of the O'Briens and the Callighans. In New York to-day every other policeman's uniform seems to contain an Irishman. Americans of Irish race number some 3,200,000.

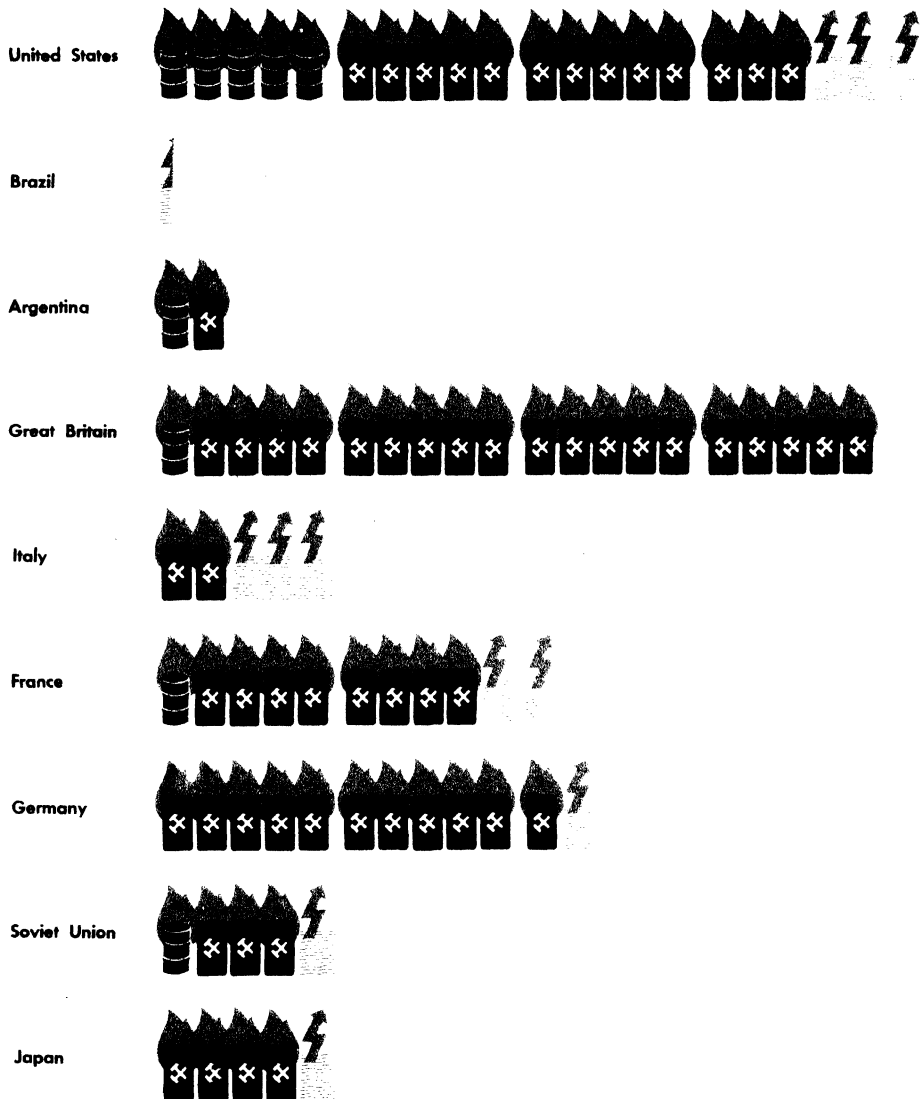
The French in early times sailed west up the St Lawrence and north up the Mississippi, and claimed almost half the continent. In the United States they left their imprint in names such as Detroit, St Louis, New Orleans and Louisiana.

The Spaniards, most of whom pre-dated the English, settled in Florida and Texas, but mainly in California. There are few lovelier churches than the white Spanish missions which are still to be found in parts of California. Like the Germans, the Spaniards clung to their native tongue, and to a lesser degree, kept together. Many Spanish words have crept into the vocabulary of Californians. I remember that as children we often threw in whole Spanish phrases into our conversation. But suspicion of "those foreigners" lingered on when we lived in California.

Our house stood on the crest of a high hill which remains in my memory as the most romantic spot in the world. There were pungent pepper trees with their graceful ribbon leaves like weeping willows, and hedges of calla lilies (arum lilies to the English) which flowered so profusely that we plucked the yellow tongues out of the white chalice to sell as vegetables when we played at shop-keeping. The verandah was hidden by a mass of honeysuckle and heliotrope, which the English call "cherry-pie." A chalky path wound down the hillside to the valley below where the Spaniards lived in their tiny white adobe huts. My mother warned me that I must never go into the valley, because the Spaniards were dangerous people. Defiant of parental authority, my heart quick with excitement, I would take the path down the hill, venturing a little farther each day. But each time that I drew near the "dangerous Spaniards" I raced back up the hill in terror.

The magnitude of immigration from 1865 onward is almost beyond belief. Month after month vessels steamed into the harbours and spewed their human cargoes on American shores. By 1900 thirteen and a half million from almost every corner of the globe had been dropped into the melting-pot in the short space of thirty-five years. Millions more continued to come right up to the first World War.

# Power Used per Head, 1935



The units representing: 0.2 tons of oil consumed per head of population  
 0.2 tons of coal consumed per head of population  
 0.04 HP water power developed per head of population

ISOTYPE 

Britain and America use more power per head than any other country. Britain leads in coal, U.S. in oil consumption. Germany has little natural oil ; she uses synthetic petrol, but how much we don't know.

# Occupations

Each symbol represents 500,000 gainfully occupied in 1930

red: mining, manufacture and building

black, with wheel: transport

black, with scale: trade

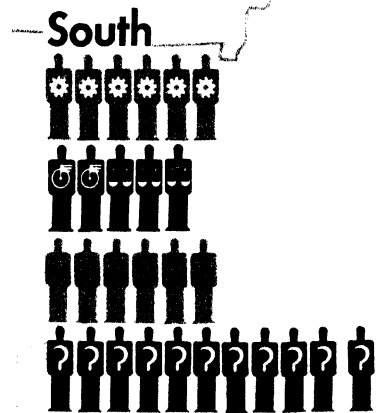
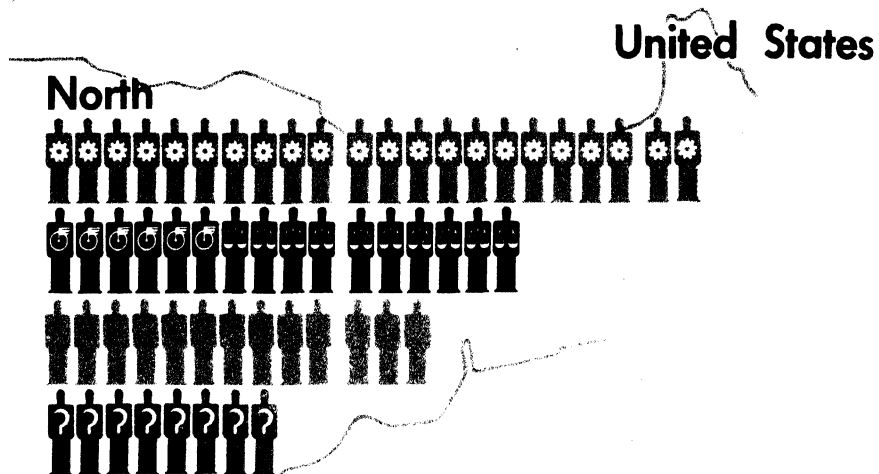
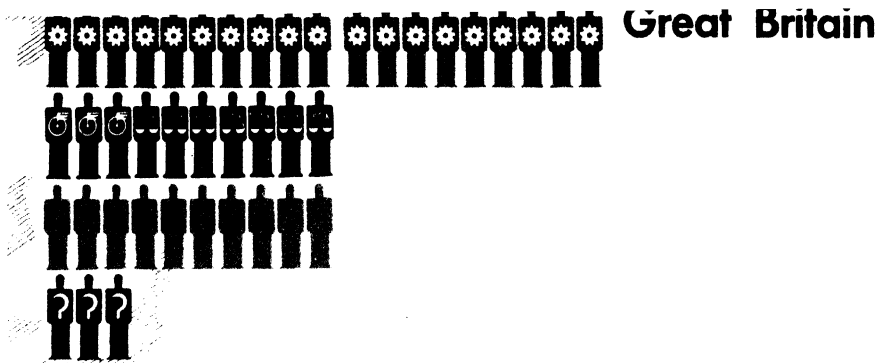
grey: service and others

green: agriculture, lumbering, fishing

West



Britain is mainly a manufacturing and mining country and so are the Northern States of America  
foodstuffs are mainly agricultural.

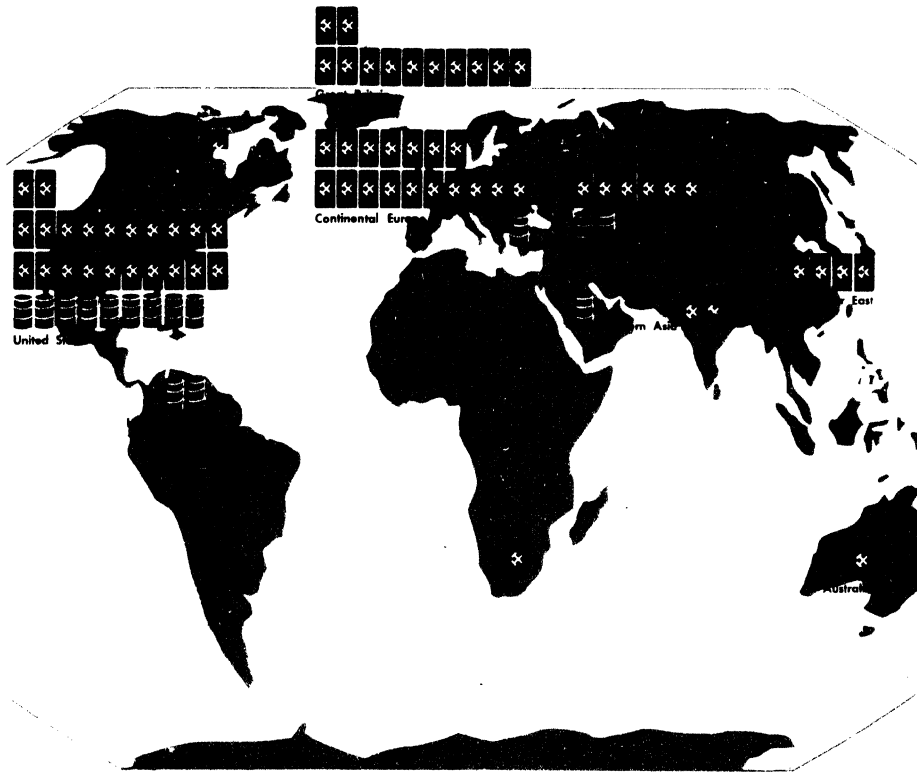


ISOTYPE

Southern States growing cotton and tobacco as well as



# Coal and Oil Production



the complete black symbol represents 20 million tons of coal produced in 1937  
 the complete green symbol represents 20 million tons of oil produced in 1937



America and Britain each hews more coal than any other single country.  
 Almost twice as much oil spouts out of America as out of the rest of the world.

Emigration from north-west Europe had tailed off considerably by 1890. But the hard-pressed peasants and labouring masses of Austria, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Russia and the Balkan States were turning eager eyes to that fabulous land of hope and plenty. During the next twenty years four-fifths of all the emigrants into America came from these countries. They differed considerably from the earlier settlers. They were mostly unskilled. They were uneducated—thirty-five per cent. of the more recent comers were illiterate as compared with three per cent. of those who arrived earlier. They were accustomed to a standard of life far lower than prevailed in America. Indeed, in this very factor lay the urge which induced most of them to seek a better living in the New World. They came with their poor possessions tied up in bundles. All they had to offer was their own brawn and muscle, their own willingness to do hard labour over long hours for little pay. And that was just what the native American, and those who had migrated earlier, most feared.

A few years before, America had sent out a blanket invitation to the whole world to "come and join us." In 1864 Congress even passed a Bill to "encourage immigration." But no one foresaw how big the party would be. America blinked her eyes in amazement as more and more guests sat down at her table. It began to look as though there might not be enough to go round. The government land out West which could absorb newcomers was fast dwindling. Industry was expanding, but not rapidly enough to give employment to all, and naturally the workers willing to accept the lowest pay would be preferred.

America began to adopt a less hospitable policy toward the guests knocking at her gates, and year by year she tightened up the rules. Ellis Island was opened—a small-mesh sieve through which the new immigrants were strained. To-day you have to swear on entry that you do not plan to overthrow the Government of the United States by force, though presumably anyone going over with that herculean intention would be accompanied by several armies and navies. And if he meant to do so single-handed he'd hardly confide his intention to the authorities! Finally in 1921 the quota scheme was adopted. This laid down the number of immigrants who could be received each year from any given country—three per cent. of the number of its immigrants in 1910. To hold a quota number is a distinction coveted by every troubled European refugee seeking sanctuary from dictatorial persecution. It doesn't always get aliens into the United States, but it's the trump card.

The number of Japanese and Chinese entering the United States has never been large, but the prevailing prejudice of the white man against the yellow has magnified it out of all reality. All told, there are only about 138,000 Chinese and 75,000 Japanese. The Chinese were the first to feel the sting of immigration restrictions. They made the mistake of being too docile and cheap, though they worked less hard for more money than they had ever done at home. When their cheap labour was wanted by growing captains of industry, like Leland Stanford, who later founded a university in California out of his profits, they were brought over in shiploads with the blessing of the Government. But the white immigrants who had moved West to get a better living resented the presence of the Chinese who had come for the same purpose. When race riots broke out in California Congress decided to "regulate, limit, or suspend" Chinese emigration. By 1902 it had developed into total prohibition. But a new attitude toward the Chinese is growing in America. Not a day passes without some eulogy of

"our gallant allies." Perhaps the Chinese will have a quota number too after the war. Both the Chinese and the Japanese in California have proved themselves remarkably successful farmers. They work with such solicitude that their fields are innocent of weed or tare. It is sheer joy to buy vegetables from their market stalls. Everything is washed so clean that you might suppose it had never been near the earth. Oriental taste is exercised in the arrangement of their wares—the carrots nestling among the lettuce, the red radishes adorned with parsley, the whole embellished with artistic skill.

The Orientals in America have remained pretty well segregated. Chinatown in San Francisco retains some of its oriental character, and you will hear the Chinese tongue spoken or sometimes pidgin English. Many still wear their native dress. The Chinese have gone in for washing and ironing on a big scale, and there is hardly a town in America which does not have its Chinese laundry. And its Chinese restaurant too. The Chinese are industrious, though they never hurry, and they don't like to be outdone. In a mid-Western town a few years ago a spate of eating-houses had opened, and to meet the competition each announced that he kept open all night, or he never closed. The sign over the Chinese restaurant read, "Me No Sleepy Too." Only the Chinese educated in American schools and colleges make much attempt to speak the English language.

The prejudice in America against the black and yellow man extends in some degree to other 'foreigners,' and especially to the Jews. Throughout the last hundred years of migration to America Jews from every nation have sought sanctuary in the United States. New York City alone has a population of a million and three-quarters compared with a quarter of a million for the whole British Empire. A large proportion live in Eastside tenements, speak the Yiddish language, attend their own synagogues, read their own Jewish newspapers. They are shopkeepers and traders, and pretty well control the clothing trade. They have made a notable contribution to the cultural and commercial life of America. They head some of the great banking houses, have important places in the Government. I think it would be true to say that successful Jews in America suffer little discrimination from their non-Jewish colleagues. But there is an underlying prejudice which will have to be up-rooted if America hopes to substantiate her claims to democracy. I have before me a copy of a Washington newspaper which advertises rooms to let. Almost a third specify "Gentiles only." Riverside Drive in New York City, which used to be a fashionable residential section, has been almost abandoned by Gentiles because Jewish people began to move in. This sort of thing has happened in a good many places in America.

Despite all the racial differences in the American conglomeration of nationalities, the melting-pot has succeeded in turning out Americans. The national American school, which has set out to offer a common education to all—natives and foreign-born alike—has been the bright fire burning under the melting-pot. With all her diversity there is no country in the world more united than the United States.

Who is an American? Let the Ballad for Americans answer :

"I'm the everybody who's nobody, I'm the  
nobody who's everybody . . .  
Are you an American?  
Am I an American?

I'm just an Irish, Negro, Jewish, Italian,  
French and English, Spanish, Russian,  
Chinese, Polish, Scotch, Hungarian,  
Litvak, Swedish, Finnish, Canadian,  
Greek and Turk, and Czech and double Czech  
American ! Holy mackerel !"

When you come to dipping into English blood to see what it's made of—well, you will find it's considerably thicker than water after centuries of island intermarriage. The whole story of beginnings goes back too far. Maybe it will do if we start with the Britons who were prancing about the island dressed in woad (which was nothing more or less than blue dye) before the Romans arrived. Right away our admiration for the hardness of the British race gets a good send-off, for there's no reason to believe that the climate was any better then than it is now.

The Roman invaders landed on British shores in A.D. 43, and outstayed their welcome by some four hundred years. They weren't tough enough to conquer the inhabitants of Scotland, so they built a wall to keep these "Picts" out of England. It was so high and broad and substantial that it could probably have kept out a tank. Remains of the Roman wall are still to be found in Northumberland, and no American visiting England should miss the pleasure of walking along this ancient, grass-grown bulwark which cuts straight through most lovely country.

Eventually the Roman legions were called home to look after Rome ; but they had hardly set sail before the Angles and Saxons and Jutes deserted their place in the sun at the mouth of the Elbe and Jutland, for the pleasures of the green isle. Pope Gregory, descending for a moment from his lofty thought, opined that the Angles ought to be called Angels, they were so beautiful. They gave their name to the island, and left their imprint on the handsome English features. The invaders chased the Britons westward into Wales, where the original British language is still spoken, though quite incomprehensible to the English. I don't want to discourage you from learning Welsh, but you might as well know what you'll be up against. Cefn is a ridge and clagwyn a precipice ; drws is a door, ffynnon a well, rhaiadr a waterfall, tyddyn a farm, and ystrad a vale—pronounce any of them any way you like, and you'll be wrong. Eisteddfodau are gatherings of Welshmen for musical competitions. The Welsh have wonderful voices and the best ear for music in Britain.

If you want to visit Wales, don't try to ask your way around. Just point. You may want to go to Llanddeiniolen or Pen-Uithrig-y-Wrach, or even Llanfair-pwllgwyngyll. If these defeat you, try Caer-yn-ar-Fon, which has become just plain Carnarvon, or Bettws-y-Coed. You'll get away with it if you call it Betsy Co-ed. It's not quite the kind of co-ed Americans are used to, but it's pretty.

Well, to get back to our history lesson, a few centuries later the Danes, or Northmen, arrived from Norway, which all seems very confusing, but that's the way it was. Some of these Northmen also settled around the mouth of the Seine, forming the Dukedom of Normandy, and two centuries later, in 1066, they invaded England under their Duke, William the Bastard. (They were awfully frank in those days.) The Normans moved in (every British child knows about the Battle of Hastings) and built themselves wonderful castles. They didn't chase out the inhabitants of the islands as other invaders had done, or even exterminate them. The Normans just got the Anglo-



Corn, which grows right up to the door of this Kansas farm, probably extends for acres. Not so much diversity of crops and livestock as in England. Houses—porch and windows screened against the flies—are painted white; the barn is red.

Saxons to work for them, and first thing the A.-S.'s knew, they were nothing but serfs, bound to toil for their masters. With this experience of serfdom behind them, it is understandable that present-day Britons have no intention of becoming serfs to anybody again. The Normans established themselves as Lords of the Manor, and carried on generally with superior airs. They insisted on speaking French, and words like veal, mutton, and pork have stuck ever since. It was the Anglo-Saxons who tended the animals, and called them plain calf, sheep, and pig. But all these invasions began to weary the Britons (who were by this time a considerable mixture of races, as anybody could guess), and they made up their minds to put a stop to it. And they did. The island has never been successfully invaded in any foreign interest since, and there is no likelihood that it ever will be.

Though the blood of Britons has not been mixed with strains of the invader since 1066, nevertheless there is many a foreign corpuscle floating about, especially among nobles and royalty. Princes and pretenders to the throne were always dashing off to the Continent, either to escape their domestic troubles, or to stage an invasion of their own. They usually carried a grand entourage around with them. Englishmen went to the Continent, and Continental noblemen joined up with British princes when they found it expedient to return to their own country. It also became customary to arrange marriages between members of the royal family and dukes or princesses of other lands in an attempt to stabilize international relations. But in the main, the British Isles



A quiet English farmstead near West Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, in the heart of the Chiltern Hills. The neatly tailored fields divided by hedges, the brick and flint house, the grazing sheep and cattle are all typical of England.

have been populated by the British for the British, without that mixture of racial strains found in America.

Despite the walled-in gardens and the high hedges surrounding English homes which give the foreigner an impression of formidable inaccessibility, Great Britain has an age-old tradition of hospitality to aliens. Thousands of refugees from Hitler's tyranny have streamed into England during the past few years. England has opened her gates to all and sundry, from Marx and Lenin to the Emperor of Ethiopia and Queen Wilhelmina. When, a few years ago, she so far forgot her tradition as to exclude Trotsky, who sought asylum on her shores, many Englishmen who disagreed heartily with his political views, nevertheless were deeply disturbed by this departure from England's customary tolerance.

Asylum for persecuted peoples dates back many centuries. Jews found refuge in England in the early part of the twelfth century, Flemings in the fourteenth, Huguenots in the sixteenth. It is sad that persecution of the Jews must be recorded in some periods of Britain's history. Late in the twelfth century not only were unconverted Jews expelled, but they were forbidden to enter the country. This restriction lasted until 1656. During some periods aliens in England suffered considerable disabilities. At one time they could not hold or inherit landed property even under lease, so that a foreign merchant, for instance, however prolonged his stay in the country had to live in inns or lodgings. England, from Cromwell up to the last war, imposed no res-

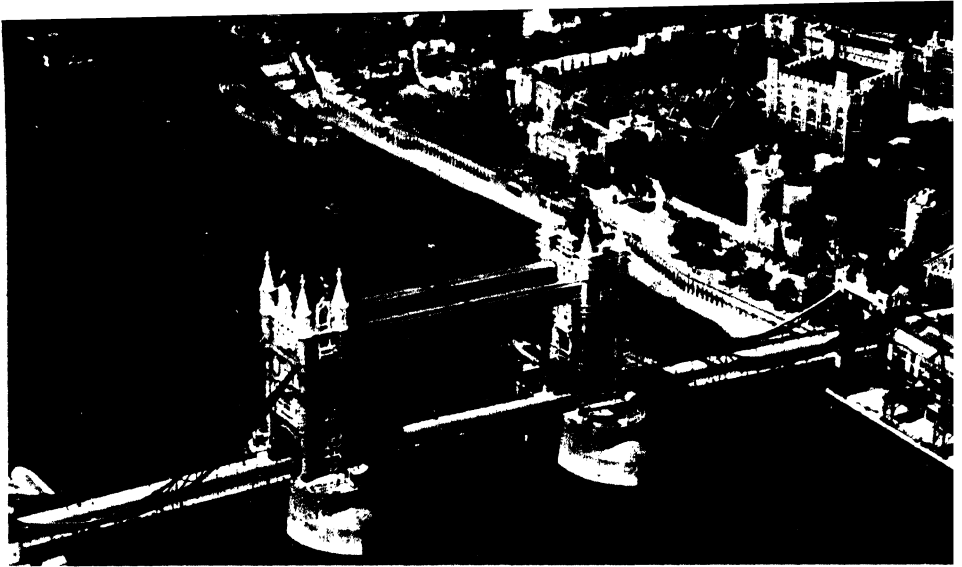


George Washington Bridge across the Hudson connects upper Manhattan with New Jersey. In the evening lights of cars flash across in a never-ending chain. Rocky Palisades of New Jersey can be seen across the river.

trictions, such as passports, visas or quotas, on immigrants. But various Acts passed between 1905 and 1919 empower the authorities to prohibit the landing in Great Britain of undesirable steerage passengers (people without means of support) from "immigrant ships," that is, vessels carrying more than twenty steerage passengers. But even these restrictions can be lifted in all cases of immigrants fleeing from religious persecution. Freedom of worship is rigorously maintained.

Besides the refugees, there has always been a small trickle of foreigners who came just because they wanted to come—Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, Orientals, Egyptians and, of course, Indians who are, as yet, British nationals, but lend a pleasantly foreign atmosphere to the British scene. In the main—probably because the numbers have been so small—foreigners in England have not established their own special communities as they have in America. Soho, the Latin quarter of London (corresponding somewhat to Greenwich Village in New York,) is about the only example. Here the Italians have their shops and restaurants, but there is a sprinkling also of almost every other nationality. Limehouse, the Chinese quarter in the East End, is insignificant and hard to find.

But now London is cosmopolitan as it has never been before. Prior to the war it was most unusual to hear any other language than English spoken in the streets, except for an occasional excursion load of holiday-makers from France or Belgium. To-day the strangest babble of tongues assails the ears. London has become the anti-Axis centre of Europe. Poles rub shoulders with Greeks, Belgians, Free French, Dutch, Chinese, Czechoslovakians, Norwegians, Russians, Yugoslavians. And Americans ! Maybe I was wrong about the invasion. These good-looking strapping American boys, those chic American girls in uniform, are everywhere. If we can all



Tower Bridge across the Thames, and the Tower, one of Britain's most historic castles where many a personage has lost his head in centuries past. Centre of bridge can be raised for river traffic.

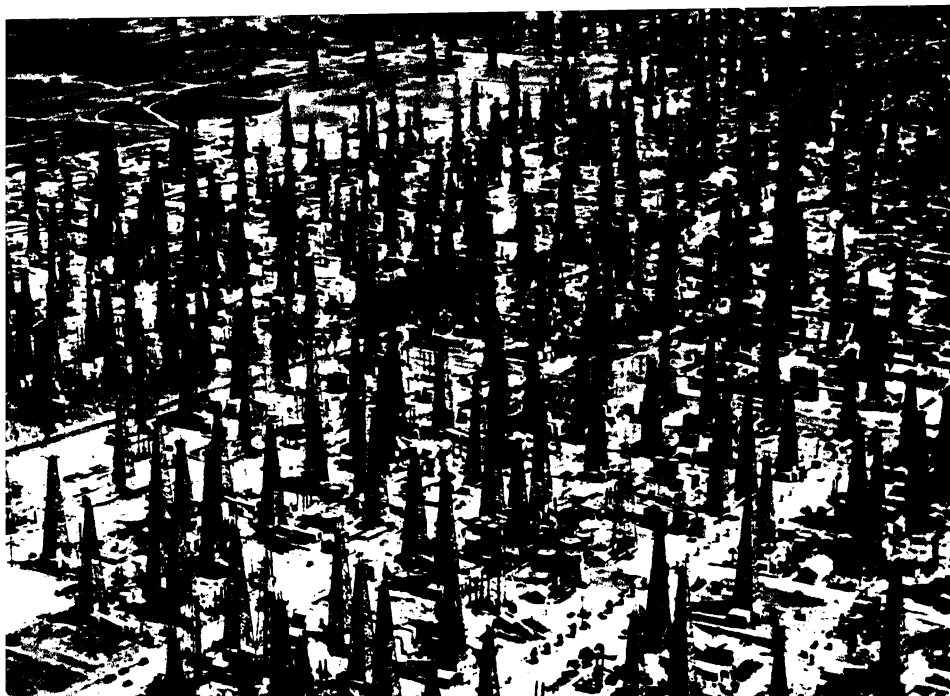
get along with each other within the confines of this little isle, there seems considerable hope for the future.

Who, shall we ask, is the Englishman? Let Daniel Defoe (the creator of Robinson Crusoe) supply the answer :

“Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,  
Whose red-hair'd offspring everywhere remains,  
Who, join'd with Norman French, compound the breed  
From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.  
The Scot, Pict, Briton, Roman, Dane, submit,  
And with the English Saxons all unite :  
And these the mixture have so close pursued,  
The very name and memory's subdued ;  
No Roman now, no Briton does remain ;  
Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain :  
The silent nations undistinguish'd fall,  
And Englishman's the common name for all.  
Fate jumbled them together, God knows how,  
Whate'er they were, they're true-born English now.”

It is an odd thing that with all the races which make up America, and all the space they are scattered over, the differences between one section of Great Britain and another are more marked than sectional variations in America. You may travel from one end of America to another, and if you understand the language at all, you'll have no difficulty in comprehending what anyone says. Perhaps the single exception would be a real Southern Negro dialect. Most English children, for instance, do not appreciate that American classic *Brer Rabbit*, because their elders are not able to read it



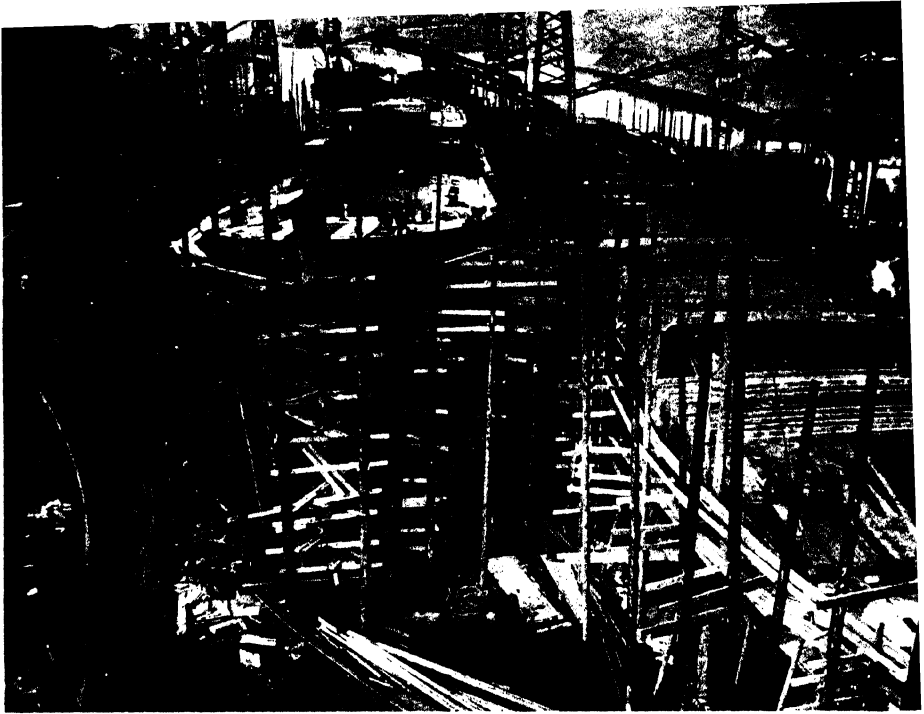


This is not an exotic forest, but an oil field in California. Oil wells are ruinous to the beauty of the landscape, but a profitable commercial asset to America.

intelligibly. But the speech of the white Southerner, soft and drawling, would usually be understood. The New Englander tends to drop his r's, somewhat like the English, and in the West and middle West you might find the speech broader and more nasal. Expressions and terminology differ somewhat from place to place. The paraffin of England, for instance, becomes kerosene in the East of America and coal oil in the West. Still, an Englishman could talk to almost any American with a fair chance of understanding all he said.

But there are parts of Britain where I have the greatest difficulty in getting along. The Welsh, of course, when they speak their own tongue are totally incomprehensible. But even the dyed-in-the-wool Scot is a pretty difficult proposition for the American. In Glasgow you may listen to sentence after sentence without catching a word. When I asked my direction from a Glasgow girl, what I heard sounded like "Tis-no-fa-t-wa-ooop-t-ro." After mulling this round for some time I concluded she had said "Tis not far to walk up the road."

The Yorkshireman has an individual accent of his own, and so has the mill girl in Lancashire. Most Americans have made the acquaintance of Sam Small—"E lad, pick oop tha' moosket"—and love his homely humour. Birmingham in the Midlands ("Brum" is its nickname), speaks with a peculiarly unpleasant accent, and the speech of a real Black Country industrial worker can seem almost a foreign language. Even within a single section of the country, the accent varies considerably from district to



Shipbuilding is one of Britain's oldest and most important industries. Skilled workmen work here night and day, launching ever more ships.

district and particularly between city and country. The country dialect of Yorkshire is delightfully soft and pleasant (though I can hardly understand a word of it), but it differs considerably from the speech of Yorkshire town folk.

The most amusing and lively speech both in England and America comes from the Cockneys in the East End of London and the Eastsiders of New York. In England there is still another difference, for the working classes speak with one accent (according to their origin), while the educated classes speak another, acquired at Public Schools and at Oxford or Cambridge. The 'upper' classes drop their r's, and that's all right; the working classes drop their h's, and that's all wrong. Not to neglect their r's completely, the English tend to give an r sound to their a's. My own name always sounds like Leller on English lips. To American ears the ultra-cultured accent insisted upon by the British Broadcasting Corporation is too "refained." It is irritating when some announcers try to outdo Oxford and spread it on as thick as pre-war butter.

The educated accent is spoken by that small cultural nucleus centred in Bloomsbury (London), but with a difference. They tend to suck in their words instead of blowing them out, and swallow the last half of each sentence, leaving you to surmise their meaning. The average American has to strain his ears to hear and comprehend the Bloomsbury intellectual. But you may find it worth your trouble, because he sometimes has something interesting to say.

Our cards have been laid on the table, our skeletons have been dragged from their respective cupboards to grin sheepishly at each other. Oddly enough the bare bones of our skeletons look pretty much the same. It's only when we add the muscle and tissue of tradition that our separate cultures show their differences. And a good thing too, for our individual contributions to the common pool of Anglo-American understanding and endeavour will be that much the richer and more interesting.

What manner of men are we, the British and the Americans, who have emerged from these centuries of growth? We each have our national characteristics, and no mistake. But search as you may, you won't find a single trait in either of us half as incompatible as those which existed in our forbears when they began to fuse into the true-born Englishman, and the 100 per cent. American. That fusion has been a long hard job on both sides of the Atlantic. It has struggled to fulfilment through racial hate and sectional conflict, through bloodshed and a thousand stupid, unnecessary blunders. But it's happened. The task of reconciling our two slightly different outlooks is a thousand times less difficult.

Boy, page the Candid Camera, the X-ray machine, the scalpel and the probe. Let's not hide anything. The American is a bit bumptious, a bit of a braggart, though he was partially cured during those years of depression when the unbelievable happened, and the bubble of infallible American prosperity and progress burst. But he's incurably proud of the big things America has accomplished, the big things she's doing now, and no one can deny that. You British musn't take his boasting too seriously. Before they left home—the hundreds of thousands now in Britain—they were scolded about this bad habit, and told to behave nicely while they were guests of the English. And many of the boys have been leaning over backward—so fearful of boasting that their natural ebullience had been sadly damped down. But British reserve doesn't come naturally to the American. Better to be oneself and not a poor imitation of the English.

The British I think are a little bewildered by the American tendency to joke about everything. This trait is so well described by an American boy brought up in England, but now an officer in the American Navy, that I think his letter is worth quoting :

"There is one element which is typical of American conversation and that is the custom of 'kidding.' For instance I am continually being kidded about my accent or my moustache. It is not just the first time you meet somebody. Some people will keep harping on subjects which in England would be considered too personal to mention, every time they see you. . . Kidding is really an indication of friendship.

"Suppose you are short, bald and have an English accent. After you have known a chap for a while he will start to kid you about your accent. Perhaps he will turn to one of a group with a wink and say, 'The old limey here's got an accent so thick you couldn't cut it with a hacksaw.' If you say you couldn't help living where you did, your friendship progresses more slowly. But if you tell him you would be able to understand him if he took that cotton wool out of his mouth, then all is well, and he will probably start to kid you about your height. Perhaps you will say, 'Low slung, streamlined and built for speed' . . . (implying that you are quite a lad with the women). When some-time later he takes up the question

of your baldness, a subject he will only risk joking about if you are firm friends, you might tell him *his* head looks like the rear end of a gorilla, or something equally inane. . . . So long as it is expressed in the right tone of raillery it passes. . . . Kidding serves as a means of ironing out eccentricities or habits which are not in keeping with the behaviour of a regular guy. . . . It is a way of expressing small resentments without causing any animosity. Your American is very warm-hearted. His chief concern is to get along, and be on friendly terms with his fellow-men. . . You can learn more about an American from what he says in jest than from what he says in earnest."

The writer might have mentioned also the American habit of exaggeration. This, like kidding, is only a form of American humour, and is not to be taken too seriously. Against this bumptiousness of the American, let's put the superiority of the Englishman. Now the English gentleman *does* feel superior, (but not the British working man). Sometimes he feels more superior than he behaves—sometimes it's the other way round. It's really the same quality as the American braggadocio, only dressed up in rather stiff-necked Sunday clothes. He can't help it any more than can the American. It is part and parcel of his education in the Public Schools (though this admittedly needs changing). It makes him rather satisfied with himself, so that he puts up a barricade behind which to enjoy his own company.

But behind that stiff shirt-front is a man who is extraordinarily kind, and believe it or not, often very shy and sometimes lonely. He'd often like to break down that reserve himself, but doesn't quite know how to go about it. He's aware that the Americans tend to think him a stuffed shirt, and he's a little anxious to prove he's not. A lot of Englishmen have told me how much they'd like to scrape up an acquaintance with the Americans they see around, but they're too shy to start. They're tickled to death when the American makes the first overture. At first the Americans in England held off, because they felt themselves guests in the country and didn't want to appear forward. The British wanted to be friendly, but they don't so readily talk to someone they haven't been introduced to. Now the ice is breaking on both sides. Warm friendships are in the making.

The English are more conservative by nature and more law-abiding than the Americans. They tend to read up the rules and regulations first and frequently discover that what they want to do can't be done. The American does it first, and finds out about the rules when it is happily too late. The American has more curiosity, more interest in the new and untried. He's always willing "to try anything once." As might be expected, tradition has more influence in England, where there are centuries of precedent, than in America, where tradition is just in the making.

In some ways, despite his great energy, the American is lazier than the Englishman. He will always get a machine to do his work for him if he can—he'll think out some bright scheme for getting round a tough job while the Englishman plods through it. When I first came to England I was shocked by the hard way in which domestic work was done. My maids seemed to be for ever on their knees scrubbing and polishing. I searched everywhere for the labour-saving implements I'd been used to in America, and bought those I came across, until I found they were all gathering dust in a dark corner. The girls wouldn't even try them. How many hundreds of times I've heard them say, "I've always been *used* to doing it this way."

On the whole I think the American thirst for knowledge is more marked than in England. The school leaving age is considerably higher (18 in some States and 16 in a majority), and more young people go to universities. Adults like to keep on learning—many schools keep open in the evening for grown-ups. In women's clubs, public forums and meetings, discussions rage up and down the country over every issue that comes up. In Britain the urge to study, among adults, is fostered by such bodies as the Workers' Educational Association, which has 600 branches, and an enrolment (in 1939) of more than 6000 students. Lectures are arranged on almost any subject for which there is a demand, but special attention is paid to "those subjects of which an understanding is essential to all who are seeking ways to social and international reconstruction." Many adults go to night schools and evening institutes, but the British are not so fond of public meetings and forums as the Americans.

I don't know what started the British idea that there is great uniformity among Americans. Maybe it's the straw hats which they all wear in summer. In fact, the American is a profound individualist. If there's one thing he can't abide it is to be herded, bossed, and 'pushed around.'

American life, except in the South, moves at a much quicker tempo than English life. They go at it hard and fast, and don't pause nearly often enough to savour the pleasant beauty of life. They seldom walk (they'll get into their car to go a block). Now the English love to use their feet. If you walk or stroll, you go more slowly, and you have more time to enjoy everything on your way. The Americans have a great deal to learn from the British in this slower, more gracious way of life. If the American works in his garden it's because he wants some vegetables to eat, or because he wants a garden he can show to his neighbours. The Englishman potters in his garden just because he loves to potter. He has a deeper feeling for the good brown earth and growing things. There's another difference between the two nations which has always impressed me. The American doesn't really mind making a fool of himself. He gets the first laugh in, and that makes it O.K. For this reason he's not restrained from doing things. Now there's nothing in the world which the Englishman so hates as making a fool of himself. And so to avoid such a catastrophe, he often refrains from saying or doing anything at all. The Americans have learned to 'laugh that off,' even when the joke is on themselves.

It would take a long time to size up the individual characteristics of both nations, but one thing is certain. The good and the bad in each would tip the scales so evenly that you'd have to throw in a decimal point to make the difference.

There's an ocean between us, but not much else that matters. We're getting acquainted. That's fine. When the Englishman bows stiffly and murmurs "How d'you do," he really means "I'm very pleased to meet you." And when the American grips your hand until it hurts and says "I'm mighty glad to know ya," he means that too—from the bottom of his heart.





